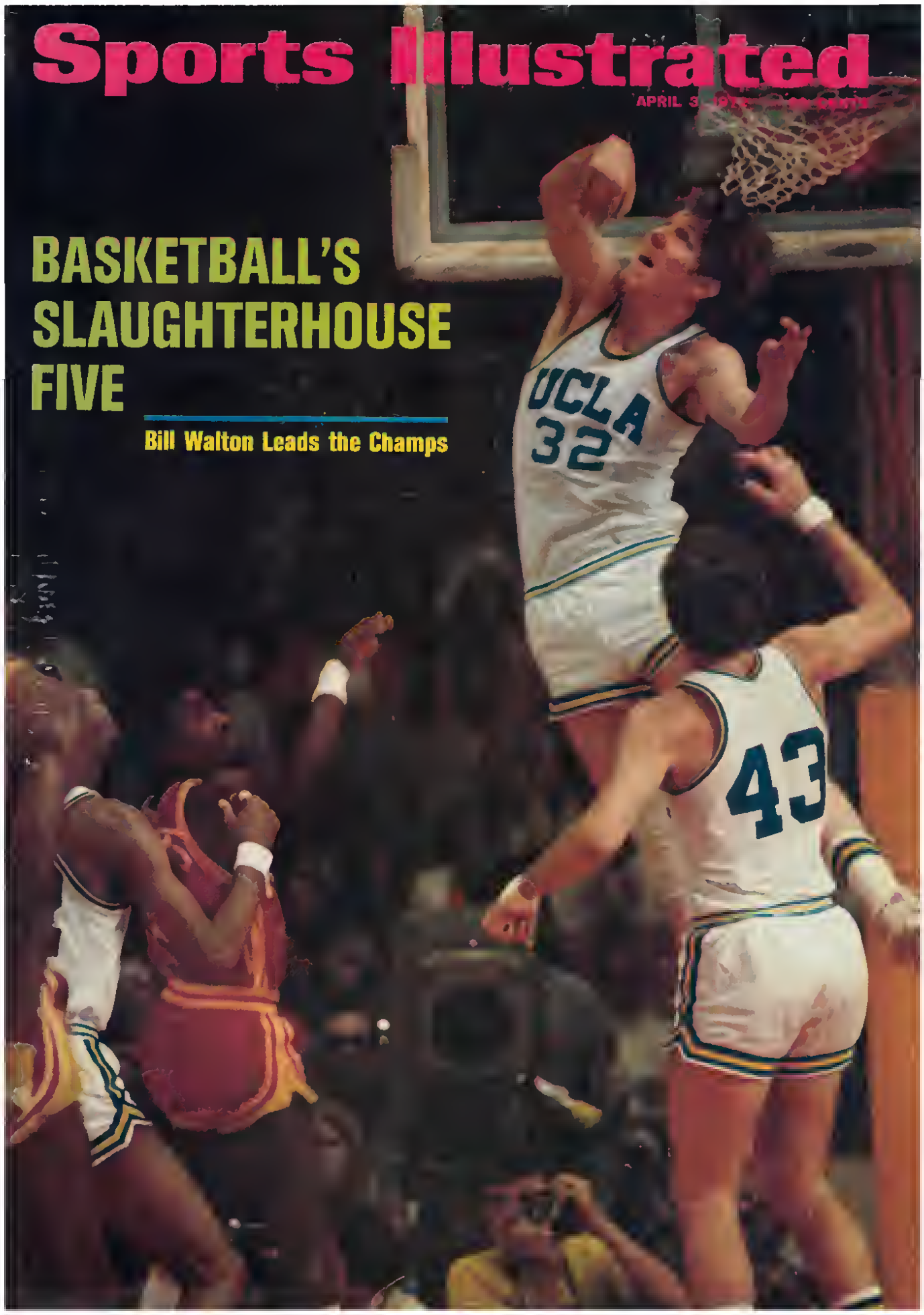
Sports Illustrated
APRIL 3, 1972 — 50 CENTS

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Bill Walton Leads the Champs





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THE RUMS OF PUERTO RICO

The money ball's annual report:

(or how we won $3,000,000 more on tour in 1971 than any other golf ball)

TOURNAMENT	PRIZE MONEY	TITLEIST	WILSON	MACGREGOR	DUNLOP	SPALDING	ALL OTHER
Los Angeles Open	$ 109 995 00	$ 46 263 00	$ 16 831 00	$ 1 610 00	$ 28 292 00	$ 4 009 00	$ 12 990 00
Bing Crosby Nat l	134 883 00	54 153 00	5 773 00	14 663 00	11 390 00	3 914 00	44 990 00
Phoenix Open	124 980 00	74 094 00	19 796 00	1 279 00	5 157 00	13 224 00	11 430 00
San Diego Open	149 982 00	66 356 00	38 569 00	11 015 00	24 586 00	2 506 00	6 950 00
PGA Seniors	40 324 99	23 291 32	6 380 00	2 313 25	3 466 67	3 675 00	1 198 75
Hawaiian Open	198 432 00	135 623 00	21 996 00	4 359 00	19 660 00	2 607 00	14 187 00
United Ontario Open	25 038 00	11 099 00	4 438 00	379 00	5 367 00	2 316 00	1 419 00
Bob Hope Classic	139 975 00	72 187 00	10 976 00	12 478 00	1 728 00	1 484 00	41 122 00
Tucson Open	109 991 00	56 966 00	33 497 00	9 635 00	7 139 00	308 00	2 446 00
PGA Championship	201 389 00	92 781 00	33 980 00	47 294 00	14 295 00	5 745 00	7 294 00
Doral Eastern Open	149 890 00	107 333 00	14 209 00	5 873 00	7 904 00	10 104 00	4 467 00
Florida Citrus Invt l	149 798 00	87 317 00	1 455 00	15 127 00	5 770 00	5 299 00	34 830 00
Jacksonville Open	124 979 00	90 783 00	4 407 00	12 915 00	9 272 00	3 158 00	4 444 00
Nat l Airline Open	199 983 00	156 603 00	5 941 00	3 298 00	5 316 00	14 706 00	14 120 00
Greensboro Open	189 968 00	117 480 00	33 499 00	2 392 00	23 993 00	8 447 00	4 157 00
Masters	177 376 00	82 767 00	11 850 00	42 300 00	16 742 00	12 592 00	11 325 00
Magnolia Classic	34 981 00	32 526 00	1 475 00	—	108 00	—	872 00
Monsanto Open	149 991 00	113 390 00	19 115 00	—	6 024 00	8 952 00	2 510 00
Tournament of Champions	162 599 00	74 787 00	2 320 00	33 000 00	17 530 00	25 520 00	9 442 00
Tallahassee Open	59 995 00	34 346 00	3 175 00	—	1 512 00	—	20 962 00
New Orleans Open	124 972 00	106 644 00	3 467 00	7 685 00	4 071 00	1 458 00	1 647 00
Byron Nelson Classic	124 972 00	72 538 00	4 621 00	26 333 00	4 242 00	5 000 00	12 206 00
Houston Champions Int l	124 974 00	66 973 00	10 533 00	6 113 00	2 558 00	6 152 00	10 645 00
East Ridge Classic	24 988 00	21 761 00	366 00	1 562 00	1 161 00	138 00	—
Colonial Nat l Invt l	124 982 00	78 427 00	8 603 00	2 297 00	10 562 00	2 868 00	22 205 00
Maurnelle Open Invt l	24 983 00	19 842 00	2 555 00	100 00	1 424 00	—	1 062 00
Danny Thomas Memphis Classic	174 987 00	97 060 00	26 104 00	6 787 00	5 766 00	560 00	38 710 00
Atlanta Classic	124 943 00	66 109 00	4 774 00	22 021 00	14 667 00	6 453 00	10 919 00
Kemper Open	149 972 00	49 950 00	22 806 00	33 844 00	21 976 00	1 858 00	19 538 00
Kemper Asheville Open	34 993 00	31 334 00	2 304 00	113 00	647 00	—	595 00
U S Open	154 199 00	60 053 00	14 159 00	23 960 00	11 556 00	3 823 00	40 648 00
Cleveland Open	149 987 00	82 665 00	39 479 00	3 000 00	7 710 00	11 485 00	5 648 00
Canadian Open	149 988 00	102 631 00	4 759 00	666 00	7 571 00	—	34 161 00
Milwaukee Open	124 981 00	77 265 00	14 145 00	4 314 00	25 476 00	3 543 00	236 00
Western Open	149 975 00	117 113 00	10 835 00	2 340 00	520 00	8 850 00	10 317 00
Westchester Classic	249 973 00	120 067 00	47 419 00	15 198 00	13 342 00	1 476 00	52 451 00
Nat l 4-Ball Championship	200 596 00	97 336 00	10 340 00	33 155 00	13 855 00	16 590 00	29 320 00
American Golf Classic	149 976 00	91 936 00	21 197 00	14 010 00	6 355 00	7 675 00	8 803 00
Massachusetts Classic	164 968 00	82 356 00	24 789 00	7 327 00	8 437 00	38 138 00	3 921 00
IVB Philadelphia Golf Classic	149 985 00	86 664 00	12 314 00	42 869 00	3 122 00	423 00	2 593 00
U S Professional Match Play	200 000 00	100 750 00	48 750 00	13 750 00	12 500 00	6 250 00	15 000 00
L&M Concord Open	59 989 00	52 926 00	949 00	132 00	—	132 00	5 850 00
Hartford Open	109 963 00	64 147 00	28 399 00	4 090 00	345 00	7 810 00	5 172 00
Southern Open Invt'l	99 977 00	71 663 00	3 958 00	20 216 00	633 00	862 00	2 645 00
Robinson Open	99 980 00	75 809 00	2 861 00	190 00	4 252 00	190 00	16 678 00
Nat l PGA Club Pro Championship	99 784 00	36 188 00	27 154 00	15 679 00	5 729 00	10 488 00	4 548 00
Kaiser International	149 989 00	67 595 00	43 813 00	1 710 00	25 280 00	3 675 00	7 916 00
Sahara Invt l	134 981 00	70 690 00	21 118 00	685 00	8 143 00	2 828 00	31 517 00
Azalea Open	34 968 00	26 644 00	3 898 00	1 148 00	—	60 00	1 218 00
Sea Pines Open	29 988 00	23 239 00	3 284 00	762 00	780 00	592 00	1 331 00
Heritage Classic	109 987 00	67 311 00	7 036 00	11 747 00	13 919 00	975 00	8 999 00
Walt Disney World Open	149 981 00	79 393 00	15 957 00	35 431 00	2 437 00	171 00	16 592 00
Bahamas Nat l Open	129 987 00	114 851 00	10 947 00	210 00	506 00	—	3 473 00
TOTAL	**$6,723,517.99**	**$3,938,293.32**	**$793,175.00**	**$579,374.25**	**$454,813 67**	**$279,138 00**	**$677,723 75**
PERCENTAGE OF PRIZE MONEY		**58.8%**	**11.8%**	**8.6%**	**6.8%**	**4.1%**	**10 1%**

*Source: Certified ball counts taken during the 1971 PGA Tour, 50 events, plus U.S. Open, Masters Championship, Canadian Open.

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Opel Rallye rated number one "Super Coupe."

—Car & Driver magazine

Why?

CAR AND DRIVER recently did a study of six popular "super coupes". Performance, ride, handling, comfort, quietness, equipment, visibility, steering effort and economy were all tested and compared. And the Opel Rallye was rated best overall. In fact, what CAR AND DRIVER actually said was, "Given our choice of any super coupe between the Atlantic and the Pacific, we'd take the Opel 1900 Rallye."

What's a super coupe?

According to CAR AND DRIVER, a super coupe is a small car that performs very much like a sports car, while at the same time, being more comfortable and less costly. "They are light and compact and nimble. They don't need power seats or power steering . . . all they require is a *driver*." Couldn't you use a car like that?

Who were the other cars?

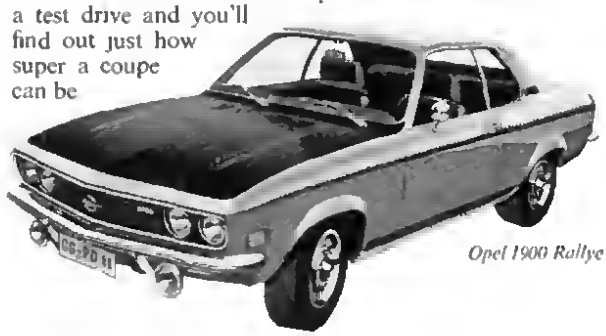
Sorry. We'd like to tell you, but it's just not a gentlemanly thing to do in an advertisement. You can, however, read the article yourself in the December issue of CAR AND DRIVER or ask your Buick/Opel dealer for a reprint. For now, we'll tell you they were five of the most popular foreign and domestic small coupes. And Opel Rallye came out on top.

Does it cost much to buy?

Opel's prices are still some of the lowest you'll find on any car in the country. Even though our standard equipment includes things like a 1.9 liter engine with hydraulic valve lifters, rack and pinion steering, power front disc brakes and reclining bucket seats, to name a very few.

Does it cost much to drive?

Opel's gas mileage helps you keep on saving long after your purchase. And, with features like automatic exhaust valve rotators, a clutch adjustment warning light and lubed-for-life suspension joints, Opels are designed to give dependable service. When you do need service, you won't have to look around the world for a mechanic, either. There are more than 2200 Buick/Opel dealers from coast to coast that sell and service Opel. See one of them now for a test drive and you'll find out just how super a coupe can be.



Opel 1900 Rallye

Buick's Opel.

Still a small price.
Still a big value.

GM
MARK OF EXCELLENCE

Panasonic gives you something Detroit can't. Seven 8-track car stereos to choose from.

Maybe Motown can give you the car of your dreams. But only Panasonic can give you the 8-track car stereo to match. Because no one. Not the Detroit boys. Not the car stereo boys. Makes as wide a range of car stereos as Panasonic.

To start with, we have economy models. Like Model CX-355. Which stints on the bulk and the bucks, but splurges on features like automatic channel changers. Separate controls for volume, tone and balance. And single-touch operation. So you can keep your eyes on the road while your ears are on the music.

You can get a little fancier with Panasonic's Model CX-830. With its beautiful 2-stage pre-amp. And some other things. Like a foldaway panel for the thumb-wheel control. Plus a flush cartridge fit while the tape is playing. And an ejector button for when it stops.

We can also give you 8-track car stereos with something extra. Radio. AM in our Model CQ-251. And FM in Model CQ-909, which has a Distant/Local switch. To help you pull those faraway stations into your car.

But the car stereo of your dreams doesn't have to play just in your car. If you choose one of Panasonic's car and home models. Like the CX-880, our 8-track model. Or the CQ-880. Which combines 8-track with an FM stereo radio.

In both units, the player slides out of your car and slips into an optional home adapter. And vice versa. With no wires to disconnect. Or connect. Both have sliding controls for volume, tone and balance. IF and RF stages. Etc. Etc.

And if you really adore your car and worship your ears, you don't have to stop at stereo. Because Panasonic lets you put the new 4-channel sound on wheels. Through our quadrasonic 8-track player. Model CX-601. Which can also play in your home. So your family doesn't have to sit in the garage to listen.

Nobody else gives you the choice in 8-track car stereos that Panasonic does. But there are a few things we give you without giving you any choice. Solid-state circuitry. Adjustable control shafts that make installation a cinch. And the exclusive Panasonic vertical head movement to keep the music from jumping off the road whenever your car hits a pothole.

You may get the car of your dreams from Detroit or Honest John. But there's only one place to find the car stereo that was made for it. Your nearest Panasonic dealer.



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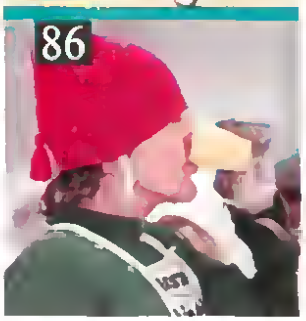












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Credits on page 107

Next week

EMBATTLED BASEBALL nears a new season with the players and owners no longer sure that a strike is what an ump calls. A special preview issue sums up the latest developments, and William Leggett and Ron Fimrite assess who will beat whom—on the field. Artist Don Moss and SI photographers portray the greats of the game and stars-to-be, pitching analysts rate the top arms (lo, the best isn't Blue!) and Pat Jordan takes a ride with Pittsburgh's kid assassin, Bruce Kison. In addition, coverage of the rest of the week's news, the usual features and a surprising report on a bouncy old lady.

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The sun's strength, as we know it now, will last another 5 billion years.



After 5 billion years, it will become a red giant and turn oceans into steam.



A billion years later, the sun will start to shrink, fade and die.



In 15 billion years, the earth will become a dark, frozen mass.

It's your planet—how much do you know about it?

- **How old is tha aarth and how ara wa abla to meaaura tta age?**
- **How did lifa on eerth bagin? And whan?**
- **What caused tha tca Aga? Can it happen again?**
- **What do we know about tha centar of tha aarth? Is it hot or cold—aotid or molt an? And how did wa find out?**
- **What causaa aarthquekas—and why ara some ptaces aerthquaka-prone?**
- **Why la the ocaan aatty?**
- **What cauaaa hurricanae?**
- **What were the first aea craaturas to walk on land?**



Mobbed street in Shanghai—dire portent of the eerth's crowded future?

YOU ARE living on the only planet we know of whose atmosphere, climate and behavior in space have all combined to produce and support intelligent life, and allowed it to flourish. The story of how all this happened is so full of marvels and miracles that, once you read it, you will never again take your native planet for granted. You'll experience it with a new sense of wonder—its mountains, oceans, continents . . . the whole fantastic natural structure that makes the planet work.

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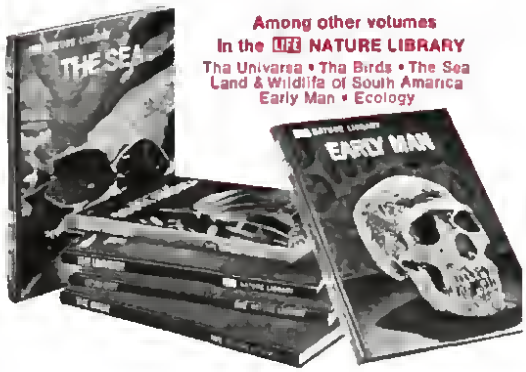
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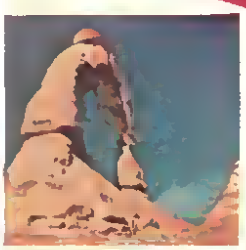


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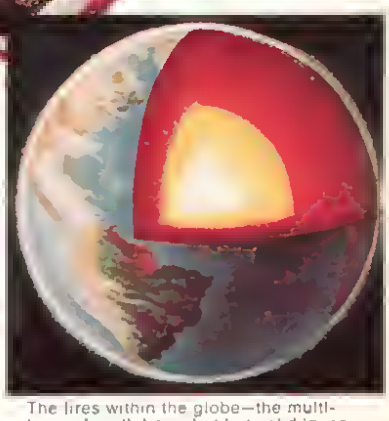
Caprices of erosion produced these wind and water carved sculptures in Utah.



Battering Pacific erodes over a foot each year of this rocky California coast



These terraced fields in severely overcrowded Japan are divided among the eleven families shown here, each family cultivating just three acres



The fires within the globe—the multilayered earth has a hot but solid inner core and a molten outer core, both probably composed of iron and nickel.



BOOKTALK

'Tacklebox Library' gives the fisherman everything he needs except rod and reel

In 40 years of angling for various freshwater fish, from nesting sunnies to Atlantic salmon, I have committed virtually every sin open to fishermen. I have discovered, after a two-mile hike to poach a remote stretch of the lower Neversink, that I have forgotten my reel; I have intemperately stepped on a dimly visible boulder in the Roaring Fork near Aspen and plunged neck deep into the flood. I have cast a dry fly against the wind on the Willowemoc and had it blow back and hook my eyelid; I once fished nonchalantly close to a moose along the Snake River and wound up skulking back to my tethered horse when the moose showed signs of annoyance.

I wish the Harper & Row *Tacklebox Library* ($5.95), a take-along boxed anthology of five paperbacks, had been available to me before all this happened. I might not have escaped the mishaps, but I would have been comforted knowing that other people make some of the same mistakes, and that someone had troubled to deal with them in writing. The five books in the anthology are Joseph D. Bates Jr.'s *Reading the Water*, F. Philip Rice's *Lures, Flies and Baits*, Baird Hall's *Freshwater Tackle*, Mark Sosin's *Angler's Safety and First Aid* and Mel Marshall's *Fish Cookery*.

Reading the Water is a no-nonsense analysis of where fish are likely to lie and why. It tries to get you thinking like a fish. The author, who had a lot to do with introducing the spinning reel in this country, knows his subject but is afflicted with the literary equivalent of a tin ear. *Lures, Flies and Baits* is a nicely condensed guide to terminal tackle, telling how to find grasshoppers, places to buy popping bugs and the whys and wherefores of nymphs, streamers and dry flies, copiously illustrated.

Freshwater Tackle covers spinning, bait casting and fly-fishing, with even a nod to the boat fisherman. It has excellent drawings of the basic knots and passable photographs of tackle. Hall's sections on how and why a fly rod works and on ultralight spinning rigs are excellent. *Angler's Safety and First Aid* gives direct and readable guidance for all sorts of wilderness trauma, from scratches (barbed wire or grizzly bear) to bites (rattlesnake or mosquito) to drowning (its prevention and cure) and hot pursuit by bulls of various species.

Fish Cookery starts with the basics—cleaning and scaling—and ends with a sound and generous list of recipes for cooking the catch. It is a real from-the-water-up course in piscatory cuisine, woodsy style, with useful illustrations.

All in all, this is probably the best two-inch shelf around.

—KNOX BURGER

THE BIGGEST SELLING SMALL CAR IN EUROPE VS. THE BIGGEST SELLING SMALL CAR IN AMERICA.

This year, millions of Americans will go out to buy their very first small car.

Many will find themselves confused as to which small car is best.

Which is why we think it might be helpful for you to know that in Europe, where they've been comparing small cars for three generations, they buy more Fiats than anything else.

Volkswagens included.

One of the big reasons for this is the Fiat 128, which we're bringing to America for the first time this year.

OUR PERFORMANCE VERSUS THEIR PERFORMANCE.

The most obvious difference between the Fiat 128 and the Volkswagen Super Beetle is the engine.

Ours is in front. Theirs is in back. We have front wheel drive. They have rear wheel drive.

Front wheel drive gives you better handling because the wheels that are moving the car are also the wheels that are turning the car.

Front wheel drive also gives you better traction on ice and snow. (As proof, last year, the Fiat 128 won the Canadian Winter Rally, which is run over ice and snow the likes of which we hardly ever see in the States.)

You'll also notice, if you glance at the chart on the right, that under passing conditions the Fiat accelerates faster than the Volkswagen. (If you've ever passed a giant truck on a highway, you know how important that is.)

The Fiat 128—which has self-adjusting front disc brakes—can bring you to a complete stop in a shorter distance than the Volkswagen, which does not have disc brakes.

The Fiat 128 has rack and pinion steering, which is a more positive kind of steering system generally found on such cars as Ferraris, Porsches, and Jaguars. The Volkswagen doesn't.

And lastly, the Fiat comes with radial tires, the Volkswagen doesn't.

OUR ROOM VERSUS THEIR ROOM.

The trouble with most of the small cars around is that while they help solve the serious problem of space on the road, they create a serious problem of space inside the car.

And while the Volkswagen is far from the worst offender in this area, it still doesn't give you anywhere near the amount of space you get in the Fiat 128.

As you can see on the measurement chart, the Fiat 128 is a full 10 inches shorter on the outside than the Volkswagen. Yet it has *more room on the inside* than an Oldsmobile Cutlass, let alone the Volkswagen.

Compared to the Super Beetle, it's wider in front, wider in back, and 5 inches wider between the front and back seat. Which should be good news for your knees.

And in the trunk of the Fiat 128, where lack of room is taken for granted in small cars, you'll find 13 cubic feet of room. In the Volkswagen you'll find 9.2.

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Now we don't for one minute expect that, even in the face of all the aforementioned evidence, you will rush out and buy a Fiat. All we suggest is that you take the time to look at a Fiat.

Recently, the president of Volkswagen of America was quoted as saying that 42% of all the people who buy Volkswagens have never even looked at another kind of car.

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VW	40-70 mph	20.09 secs
BRAKING		
FIAT	20-0 mph	13.2 ft
VW	20-0 mph	14.6 ft
FIAT	60-0 mph	139.7 ft
VW	60-0 mph	155.2 ft
BUMPER TO BUMPER		
FIAT		151.81 in
VW		160.24 in
FRONT SEAT–SIDE TO SIDE		
FIAT		53.50 in
VW		46.0 in
REAR SEAT–SIDE TO SIDE		
FIAT		49.875 in
VW		47.125 in
BACK SEAT–KNEE ROOM		
FIAT		31.00 in.
VW		25.75 in.
COST		
FIAT		$1,992*
VW		$2,159*

*Manufacturer's suggested retail price. POE Transportation, taxes, optional equipment, dealer preparation charges, if any, additional.



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SCORECARD

Edited by ROBERT W. CREAMER

ONE HAND WASHES

The American Basketball Association asked in a $300 million antitrust suit last week that the rival NBA be prohibited from inducing its players to jump leagues. The ABA, of course, is no less guilty of contract tampering, for the revolving door which let Charlie Scott and Jim McDaniels out also let Joe Caldwell and Zelmo Beaty in.

The NBA's reaction to the suit was a masterful act of one-upmanship. The following day it said it would accept future ABA defectors only if (and after) a final court determination showed their ABA contract to be invalid. If the NBA really means this, it is quite a responsible stand to take. Even ABA Commissioner Jack Dolph praised the NBA's "very progressive attitude." He might also consider proposing a similar resolution to the owners of his own league.

SUPER SELLOUT

Pro football has an interesting promotional game: The Super Bowl Site Award. Instead of a clunky Oscar or Grammy, the lucky winner gets a run at a full stadium, good blocking for its hotel and restaurant business and a chance to tackle some zippy legal problems.

It did not take long for the tremors to set in after Los Angeles was picked as the site for Super Bowl VII, to be played next Jan. 14 in the Memorial Coliseum. There were the usual rumblings about the National Football League's television blackout of the host city, and the usual politician made the usual threats to hold up the game unless the blackout curtain was lifted. A newspaper complained that the city needed another Super Bowl the way it needed another quiver in the San Andreas Fault.

Despite the dissent, L.A. *will* host Super VII, its first such opportunity since Super I back in 1967. Super I is remembered as the only Super that did not sell out. Various explanations are given for this, along with reassurances that it will never happen again. All Pete Rozelle has to decide is whether to settle for the 80,000 seats normally employed for football or eliminate the temporary bleachers at one end of the field and expand to all 93,000 seats in the huge stadium. Either way, stadium officials promise, it will be a full house.

IN WITH FLYNN

The determined efforts of Massachusetts state legislator Raymond L. Flynn seem to be bringing about something of a revolution in professional football ticket sales. Reflecting the resentment of the small-potatoes fan who is unable to afford season tickets (even if he could get them) but cannot buy tickets to individual games because they are all gone to season-ticket holders, Flynn introduced legislation requiring the New England Patriots to reserve 10,980 of their 61,000 seats for game-by-game sale. The bill passed the state senate by a 20-to-10 vote and went on to the house, but with an amendment asking the courts to rule on its constitutionality. While all this was going on, the Patriots, who had already sold about 50,000 season tickets, announced voluntarily that next fall 5,000 seats would be made available game by game. Whether or not Flynn's bill goes all the way to a score, the little guy seems at last to be getting a bit of recognition.

NO SWEAT

Kids on neighborhood basketball courts have been wearing striped shoes for several years, but a new status symbol is currently taking over the playground set: sweatbands. The unintentional architect of the new fad is Wilt Chamberlain, whose appearance with a terry-cloth band across his vast forehead apparently fascinates kids. After local youngsters persistently badgered pro and college stars for bands as souvenirs, the Inglewood Forum, where the Los Angeles Lakers play, put headbands ($1) and wristbands ($1.50 the set) on sale in January. In gold, with the Laker logo imprinted in blue, the bands were an instant smash.

Sporting goods stores are experiencing a similar boom. A representative of one firm said, "During the first 10 years we were in business we probably didn't sell more than one sweatband a year. Now 10 a day is slow. Wilt started it all. It's reached the point now where a kid will hardly go to school without one."

MORE BIKE THAN BARK

The Baltimore County Commission on Physical Fitness has issued a hints-to-cyclists booklet that includes suggestions on how to repel dogs.

"Some cyclists," the work notes, "grab their tire pumps as weapons. Some



carry one or two large stones in their pockets. Quite a few others have found that lung power is very effective. We have seen a dog literally skid to a stop and slink away as a result of a very loud and angry yell, 'GO HOME!' "

It must be that many dogs around Baltimore are hard to intimidate, because the booklet also suggests: "Keep your pedal speed very high; this will make your feet a poor target."

The best idea of all might be to switch over to a penny-farthing bike. Penny-farthings are those old-fashioned ones with the big wheel in front and the tiny one behind. Two years ago in England a former racing cyclist named Keith Brock built one for his daughter. People saw it, liked it, asked about it, and now Brock has a factory turning out 1,000 bikes a

continued

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MG. The sports car America loved first.

week. Most are for the British market, but several American concerns are interested in distributing them here.

Most of Brock's bikes are for kids and cost $52 each, but he also makes an adult version for $394. This is a little expensive for the average cyclist, but it might be worth it if he has trouble with dogs. Back in the 1880s the original penny-farthings were known for their tendency to frighten horses. Dogs don't scare as easily, but the rider sits so high up on the big front wheel that he might well be above a dog's importuning bite. Or, that failing, the penny-farthing could make a dog laugh so hard he wouldn't be able to chase it.

WHITHER JABBAR?

Pro basketball coaches and scouts at the NAIA tournament bounced around a rumor that Kareem Abdul-Jabbar would leave the Milwaukee Bucks after next season. The word was that Jabbar might play out his option and become a free agent. In that event, one coach suggested, the only teams that could afford to meet his price would be the Knicks or the Lakers, which, significantly, represent 1) the city where Jabbar grew up and first played the game and 2) the city where he established his supremacy as a college player. It is no secret that he would prefer either to Milwaukee as a place to be.

BASEBALL STRIKE TALK

If it happens at all, the threatened strike of major league baseball players will probably come on a spot basis, say a Saturday early in the season when *Game of the Week* television would be affected. But reports persist that the strike could wipe out the entire 1972 season. What are the economic consequences for the owners if there is no season? Frank Cashen, executive vice-president of the American League champion Baltimore Orioles, said the other day that in Baltimore's case the loss of one season would not in itself be as bad as the aftershock. "If we play this year and draw 900,000 and do not get into the playoffs or World Series," Cashen said, "I expect we'd be looking a $600,000 loss in the face. If baseball shuts down, I could cut our staff and our operation to the bone and not lose anything close to $600,000."

Then Cashen went into the more interesting side effects. "You have to consider you don't just lose the year. How many of your season-ticket holders and regular fans are going to discover while you're out that they don't really need baseball that much, that they can do without it? How many advertisers are going to find other places to put their money and maybe decide they get just as good results there? All these things have to be considered in making the decision to lay out a year."

In other words, if there is no settlement everyone strikes out.

BALANCE OF TRADE

The malaise that seems to be afflicting American horse racing (strikes, off-track betting inroads, decline in betting and attendance) may have been reflected a few weeks ago at the first dispersal sale of horses that belonged to George D. Widener, who died last year. Top price at the sale, and a world record for a broodmare, was $450,000 paid for What a Treat, who is in foal to Vaguely Noble. The significance of this enormous bid is that it was made by France's Office du Pur Sang, which had to top the price offered by agents bidding for Japan. Granted, this was only one mare, one horse, but it used to be that top racing stock flowed *into* the U.S.

SECRET STORM

What is wrong with Jim Ryun? All us amateur Freuds in the sportswriting trade have analyzed his psyche down to the last twitch of the Id, but now Dr. George Sheehan, the distance runner and cardiologist, suggests it might simply be that Ryun has mononucleosis again. The "kissing disease" that hits the healthiest segment of the population, young adults, is still a mystery to the medical profession, but Sheehan cites a doctor who believes the mononucleosis virus stays in the body forever. And he points out that the disease almost never recurs without the accompaniment of exhaustion. One demanding track coach who subjected his runners to an exceptionally stern training schedule (with his methods, Sheehan says, you were either a national champion or in the infirmary) found his squad shot through with 1) rebellion and 2) mono.

In 1968, after he had mononucleosis, Ryun attempted to make the Olympic team at both 1,500 and 800 meters. He ran disastrously in the 800 trials but made it in the 1,500 and came back to run splendidly that fall in finishing second to Kip Keino in Mexico City. In subsequent years, after strenuous training, he failed under stress in key races, most recently in the Champions Meet a few weeks ago in Los Angeles.

Sheehan writes, "From my vantage point Ryun looks like a typical mono victim, the familiar formula of excess stress plus a susceptible athlete. . . . He has been caught in the excessive mileage trap and apparently can't handle it." In other words, less stringent training rather than more and more work may be what Ryun needs to return to the top level of international racing.

ATTENTION ALL MALES

In Edwardian times gentlemen were wont to hang around stage doors to recruit from the chorus line. Now they may become Locker Room Johnnies. Dr. Christine Pickard, a consultant on birth control and sex problems in England, has concluded that women athletes are better lovers.

"Athletes are physical creatures," reports Dr. Pickard. "Their bodies are important to them. The physical sensations, touch, the ripple of muscles, play a central role in their lives." In general, she claims, women athletes "are more interested in sex and physically more responsive than their less active sisters." Developed muscles, she maintains, are *une chanme de plus*. Muscles, in her opinion, are "much better than scrawn or flab." We may yet see the time when figure skating supersedes burlesque.

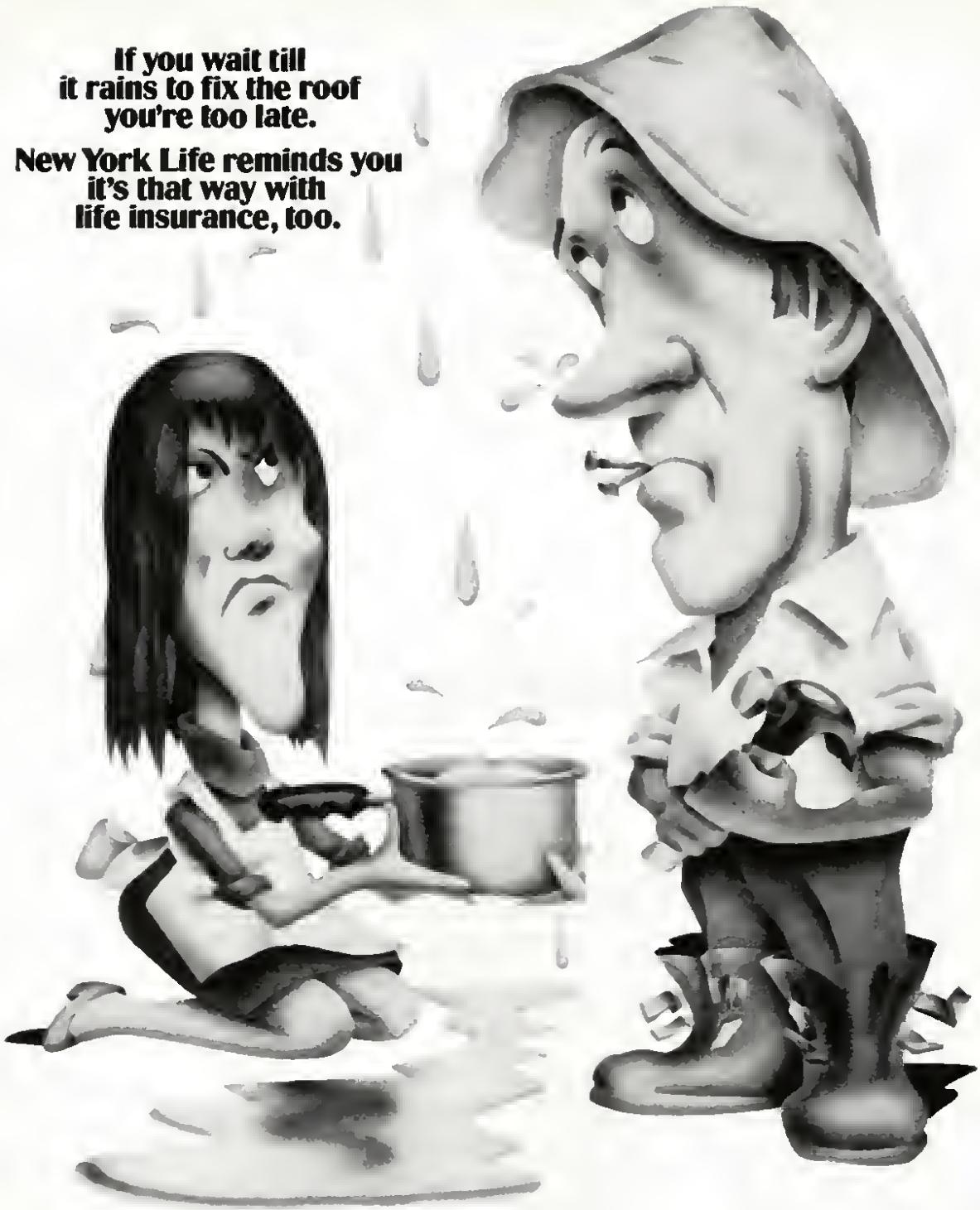
THEY SAID IT

- Lou Burdette, Atlanta Braves pitching coach, on throwing his spitball during batting practice: "I've slowed down so much, they're hitting the dry side."
- Dave Marr, after shooting a 70 in an exhibition match in which Jack Nicklaus shot 60, Julius Boros 62 and Sam Snead 64: "I missed the nine-hole cut."
- Dr. Karl-Heinz Klee, retiring president of the Austrian Ski Federation: "In future Olympic Games we must learn to dissemble much better than in Sapporo. The decision is between industrial sport, college sport or state sport. We should have made Karl Schranz a colonel."
- Lynn Shackelford, former UCLA forward, now a broadcaster for the Los Angeles Lakers, describing the size-22 shoes of Bob Lanier, Detroit Piston center: "He doesn't shine them; he sends them through a car wash."

END

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Sports Illustrated
APRIL 3, 1972

RUN FAST, RUN DEEP

This was the plan: Southern Cal would ignore Indiana's big three and throw everybody into the pool in a mass race for the team title. But somewhere along the way the strategy sank **by JERRY KIRSHENBAUM**

Maybe it was the military setting that inspired it, this strategy of assaulting the NCAA swimming championships with wave after wave of shock troops. After all, West Point is just right for that sort of thing. But it didn't work. Southern Cal attacked, fell back and attacked again. It cheered on its troops with chants that resounded around the U.S. Military Academy's well-scrubbed pool. "We are [clap-clap] SC! We are [clap-clap] SC!" But when it was all over last weekend Indiana had its fifth straight national title, and, as usual, it was the Hoosiers who had the most to clap-clap about.

This is not to say that Southern Cal's strategy misfired with every shot. Frustrated at having been runner-up to each of Indiana's last three championship teams, the Trojans staged their best campaign this time, with Indiana outscoring them by only 390 to 371. The Californians had a mathematical chance of victory going into the last event of the three-day affair, and previously there were moments of triumph such as the 800-yard freestyle relay, in which a gang of lesser-known USC swimmers outraced an Indiana team that included its big three: Mark Spitz, Gary Hall and John Kinsella. It was a tight, splashy race and after anchorman Kinsella was touched out at the finish, a puzzled Spitz hurried up to Coach James E. (Doc) Counsilman with arms helplessly outstretched. "What *happened*, Doc?" he asked.

One answer was that the Indiana swimmers had all competed in other events earlier the same night while Peter Daland, the USC coach, had slipped a couple of fresh, well-rested troops into his lineup. This was the sort of thing that enabled Daland's team to stay alive by the numbers although it failed to win even one individual event. Meet rules gave relays twice the scoring value of individual races, and the Trojans also won the 400-yard medley relay. In addition, they picked up points on a variety of solid, also-ran performances, right down to the lowliest 12th-place finish. They got a second place from Pan-American Games hero Frank Heckl in one event and a couple of seconds from Jim McConica in others. Hardly an event passed without one of USC's talented freshmen, somebody like Steven Furniss, splashing home with a few more precious points.

The tactics worked pretty much as Daland planned. "The hard way to beat Indiana is to try and knock off Spitz or Hall or Kinsella head on," he said as the meet opened. "There is an easier way. That's to qualify a lot of people and try to win with depth."

The only trouble was that USC's depth was not quite deep enough. In a strong field that produced 11 American records, Indiana won six of the meet's 13 individual events—two each by Hall, Spitz and Kinsella. For the veteran Spitz, a premed major, it was the last competition in his college swim career. His Indiana dental school acceptance was confirmed last month, the same day he received the Sullivan Award as the nation's top amateur athlete, an honor that had been bestowed upon Kinsella the year before. Two Sullivans on the same swim team is roughly equivalent to two Heismans in the same backfield, But some would argue that Hall, the world's top individual medleyist, is a better all-round swimmer than either of his more specialized—and celebrated—teammates.

No need to argue. Spitz showed his stuff right away on Thursday, setting a new U.S. record of 1:46.90 in the 200-yard butterfly to lead a one-two Indiana finish with freshman Bob Alsfelder. On Friday he did it again, beating his own 100 butterfly record twice, first in a qualifying heat and then in the finals with a 47.99 clocking, becoming the third man in swim history to win the same NCAA event four straight years. Spitz also seemed pretty well over his old habit—certainly a bad example for an aspiring dentist—of always putting his foot in his mouth. Co-captain this season with Hall and hailed by Counsilman as a model team man, the once-cocky Spitz coolly told reporters, "I'm like an oldtimer now. I seem to get more sympathy from the press." Then he went off to lead the team in "Let's Go, IU!" cheers to counteract those coming from the Southern Cal section across the pool.

Still, none of this offered sufficient relief for the frayed nerves of Counsilman. He was aware that there were other schools in the meet, but Southern Cal was his chief concern. The Trojans had arrived at West Point with a record very nearly as impressive as Indiana's, having finished first or second in all but one of the last 11 NCAA championships. Further, the runner-up status to Indiana was by now so distasteful to USC that one of its swimmers told a newsman in Los Angeles he would rather be on an NCAA championship team than swim in the Olympics. When that remark was quoted at an Indiana team meeting, one Hoosier curled his lip and said, "Then he'd better transfer to Indiana."

The men who prepared the two

continued

Performing as USC feared they would, Indiana's Mark Spitz, Gary Hall and John Kinsella (top to bottom) took six of 13 events.



teams for swimming's big showdown, Daland and Counsilman, are coaching opposites. Daland, who will coach the U.S. men swimmers at Munich, is a reserved sort who keeps his necktie snappily in place and periodically reminds his swimmers to call him "Mr. Daland" by declaring at team meetings, "There's nobody here named Peter." Counsilman is a casual fellow who scratches his bald head as he tries to remember when asked the exact number of Big Ten titles and dual meets his teams have won in a row. (The answers are 12 and 74.)

But despite this nonchalant air, Counsilman runs a program that would be adequate for a college football team—his high-powered recruiting operation (only one of his 18 swimmers is an Indiana native) drives his rivals wild. Disciplined enough to have trimmed his weight from 240 to 180 pounds in the past year, Counsilman only rarely gets tough with his squad. The most recent crackdown came after a rash of motorcycle accidents had banged up several of his swimmers, including his son Jim, a breaststroker, who suffered a broken back.

Waiting at the end of a record 500 freestyle, Counsilman congratulates Kinsella



"If you set too many rules it only encourages the boys to break them," Counsilman says. But now that he has banned motorcycles, the team's fancy has turned to a safer craze, water beds. Half the squad members sleep on them, prompting Steve Borowski, Indiana's assistant coach, to suggest that "at least it keeps them in an aqueous state."

One nagging worry Counsilman had going into the NCAA meet was Kinsella, who had been struggling ever since a poor showing at the AAU outdoor championships last August. A blocking back on the swim team's strong entry in Indiana's intramural touch football circuit, the beefy Kinsella was once the hardest-working man in the pool. He earned his nickname, "The Machine." "I've been finding it more difficult to work hard every day," he says now. And he was not keen about the added pressure of being entered in the meet's first event, the 500 freestyle. "If John wins the 500, we'll be all right," Gary Hall said. "If he loses, it will affect his confidence—and that could affect the whole team."

Kinsella's plan for the 500 was to go out fast, then hold on against expected strong finishes from Southern Cal's Jim McConica and Tom McBreen, the latter a sophomore with eyesight so bad—he is 20-300 in his *good* eye—he has to grope for his glasses at the end of each race before he can locate his towel. So much for plans. Kinsella plunged in and he was still pulling away from his USC rivals when the race mercifully ended. His time was a new American record of 4:24.50. USC's 2-4-6 finish of McConica, McBreen and Bengt Gingsjo, a freshman from Sweden, enabled the Trojans to outscore Indiana in the event but Kinsella was understandably elated. "I think everybody now realizes there's going to be good times turned in at this meet," he said. "At least on our side."

By the end of the first day—which also included an American record of 1:51.51 by Hall in the 200 IM—Indiana had a 116–99 lead. The next night the score was 263–227. But then came the payoff of the saturation strategy. On Saturday the Trojans placed three men in the top six in both the 1,650 and 100 freestyle, and suddenly, tantalizingly, they found themselves in the lead 303–287. True, Indiana's strongest events were coming up, but Counsilman might well have wondered at that moment how he had let fellows like Stanford's Brian Job and SMU's Jerry Heidenreich slip through his recruiting dragnet. Job, a junior, set two American breaststroke records, including a 56.83 in a qualifying heat of the 100, an event he then lost to the previous record-holder, UCLA's Tom Bruce. Heidenreich, a senior winning his first NCAA title, did it with a 200 freestyle record of 1:38.36.



An oldtime SC champ, Bustar Crabbe salutes Tennessee's newest one, Dave Edgar.

Another in this parade of record-breakers was Princeton's Chuck Campbell, a junior who took the 200 backstroke in 1:50.56, outdueling three Indiana rivals including Hall, owner of the old record. A Los Angeles native whose heart is free of any fondness for Indiana—"the press calls them the greatest in the world, and they admit it," he says—Campbell revealed afterward that a Southern Cal jersey was among his prized possessions. "My USC friends gave it to me," he said. "In exchange I promised to beat Indiana." Having kept his word, he made for the Southern Cal cheering section to lend further comfort to Indiana's enemy.

But it was all in a lost cause.

The 100 butterfly won by Spitz on the final night touched off some controversy but, unlike the old days, he was not involved in it. His victory, along with third- and fourth-place finishes by teammates Larry Barbiere and Pat O'Connor, gave the Hoosiers a whopping 39 points to wash out the lead that Southern Cal had enjoyed so briefly. The

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HEINZ KLUETMEIER

triumph was marred, however, when two swimmers from Tennessee, a school that likes to celebrate its emergence as an aquatic power by wearing coonskin caps and orange warmup suits, dawdled along behind the Indiana leaders, obviously not trying. The crowd, its sympathies largely with underdog Southern Cal, booed noisily.

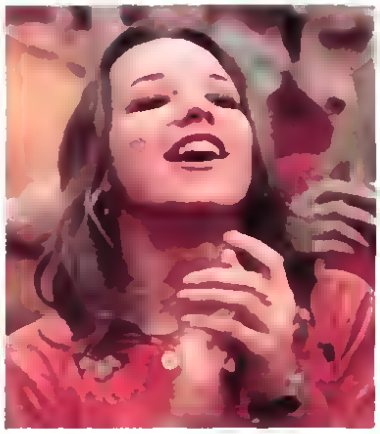
The Tennessee swimmers, sprint stars Dave Edgar and John Trembley, actually were conserving their energy for the 400 freestyle relay, the last event of the meet. Edgar, whose earlier victories in the 50 and 100 freestyle made him the only non-Indiana man to take two events, seemed embarrassed when he climbed from the pool following the butterfly. His coach, Ray Bussard, pointed to the tight race for third place in team standings as the reason he had ordered Edgar and Trembley to take it easy in the race. "The only way we can finish third is by winning that relay," Bussard said. "Sometimes you have to sacrifice individuals for the team."

The move paid off as Tennessee won the relay in a record 3:01.12, enabling Bussard's team to finish third overall, two points ahead of UCLA. As for any lift Indiana might have received in the butterfly, Southern Cal's Daland was slow to rile up. "I'd say the Tennessee coach made the right decision under the circumstances," Daland said. One probable reason for Daland's restraint was that even if the Tennessee swimmers had gone all out in the butterfly, the Indiana contingent still would have amassed enough points to virtually wrap up the team title.

After Indiana's butterfly success the Hoosiers added a few more points in three-meter diving. USC had not brought along any divers at all, having elected to fill every available spot on the team with swimmers.

At the end the only way Southern Cal could still win the championship was if Indiana failed to score in the 400 freestyle relay—and the only way Indiana could fail to score at least a few points was if it were disqualified. Spitz, whose position of leadership also is reflected in his being the only Indiana swimmer with a *heated* water bed, sternly warned the other three members of the relay team against hitting the water prematurely. "It doesn't matter if we finish last," he said. "Just make sure we don't get disqualified."

Indiana took a cautious fourth in the relay—good for 22 points—and the Southern California battalions could only console themselves with how close they had come. The Hoosiers had been in a fight, but in one respect they had a better time of it than any of the school's previous championship squads. "Hey, Doc," one of his swimmers said, after dunking Counsilman in the pool in the traditional victory celebration. "You're a lot easier to throw into the water this year." **END**



Not competing but obviously competitive is Indiana's U.S. diving champ Cindy Pottar.

Doubling as a cheerleader, USC's Mike Weston shows that his team has enough old school spirit—if not the points—to win the meet.



RACY RED BEASTS AND KING KONG, TOO

In a last farewell, Sebring loosed a pride of Ferraris on Italy's other brand, Alfa Romeo, and a gorilla, yet. Both ran amok

by ROBERT F. JONES



Little Eva, Camille and Louisa May Alcott's Beth have nothing on Sebring. Only in the most morbid literature has anything died more slowly than America's premier endurance race. But last week, by cracky, they put the pistol to the old nag's head. Yes, indeed, it was the last, last annual 12 Hours of Sebring, or so swore Race Director Alec Ulmann as he crossed his beblazered heart. Spot on, old buddy, and we'll see you next year.

The race was most memorable for its overwhelming aura of anticlimax. All the real tears had been shed a year before, and even when the magical mystery team called Ferrari swept home one-two last Saturday, there was little emotion left to be spent.

When the FIA restricted the engine size of the hot prototypes that dominate endurance racing to a mere three liters of displacement this year, it seemed at first glance that the sport had been grievously maimed. It was as if the NBA had ordered every basketball team to trim its various Jabbars and Chamberlains down to six feet. Gone were the overpowering Porsche 917s—the champions of 1970 and 1971—along with the burly Ferrari 512s that had given the German factory some fascinating competition. In their place were smaller cars that the skeptical described as "roller skates"—tiny Alfa Romeo Spyders and Ferrari 312Ps built around watch-charm engines suitable for Formula I sprints but, seemingly, not for the wrenching grinds characteristic of the Enduros.

The FIA itself seemed to recognize this fact by implying yet another condition: that no endurance race endure more than six hours or 1,000 kilometers (about 600 miles), whichever came first. Needless to say, neither the classic 24 Hours of Le Mans nor Sebring, with its once-around-the-clock heritage, went for any such diminution.

But those who felt that endurance racing had been emasculated by these new rules reckoned without the resiliency of the racing factories. The dark red Alfas, which seemed to have the edge in reliability, having been on the scene for two seasons already, suddenly found themselves outlegged by the newer, previously fragile Ferraris. Over the 1,000 kilometers of Buenos Aires and the 6 Hours (formerly 24) of Daytona, the Ferraris waggled their tail pipes at the Alfas, winning both races by wide margins. Ah, but Sebring would prove to be the Ferrari factory's Caporetto, reckoned the cognoscenti. Sebring, with its bumpy roads and washboard runways, promised 12 hours of the most brutal automotive punishment that weedy concrete and bad maintenance could provide. And if the Alfas could not turn the trick as the Ferraris flew to pieces, perhaps Jo Bonnier's Lola or John Wyer's new Gulf Mirage could.

If the Ferrari drivers were worried, they sure didn't show it. Belgian Jacky Ickx, who was teamed with Mario Andretti in the quickest of the red devils, turned up in the pits one morning wearing a fake but fearsome gorilla head over his choir-boy phiz. Pit kittens screamed with delight as they fled from the pint-sized King Kong. Clay Regazzoni and Ronnie Peterson, the rising young Formula I drivers who were assigned to the other two Ferraris, wore less imaginative but equally impressive masks: their own cool implacability.

The Alfa drivers, meanwhile, busied themselves with final adjustments for the rough 5.2-mile course and enjoyed as best they could the pleasures of Sebring. Sicily's Nino Vaccarella took his friend Antonio Sansone, the director of the Targa Florio race, to Ho-Jos for an introduction to American roadside food. "Wait till you try this thing they call the milk shake," said Nino as Signor Sansone chowed down.

"No, no," replied Sansone, "it cannot compare with our superb Sicilian *gelato*." Right on, Signore.

At a lesser level another rivalry was brewing between the two top Grand Touring contenders—the Corvettes and the Ferrari 365 GTB-4s. And there was fun for all in the blue Camaro entered by Bolus & Snopes of Jackson, Miss., in the sedan class. The chief wrench was Flem Snopes, of course, a familiar figure to those who study Faulkner's Yoknapatawpha County. Ovid Bolus is a bit more obscure. According to the literary young Southerners who front for the team, Bolus was a pre-Civil War lawyer who specialized in bilking Indians "not by the individual, but by the tribe." In addition to stickers that read "Bolus & Snopes are Good & Nice," the B&S team claimed to own a blimp called the *Graf Bolus* and a steam packet, the *Robert E. Snopes*. More importantly, they possessed a well-prepared car that had finished strongly in earlier races. It qualified 28th overall at Sebring, where Andretti and Ickx captured the pole with a surprising 123.64 mph—a new qualifying record that was a touch faster than Mark Donohue had run last year in the bigger Ferrari 512.

The slower but supposedly sturdier



The winning Andretti-Ickx Ferrari (2) leads its siblings early in the race. Peterson's No. 3 finished second; Regazzoni's No. 4 expired in a fire.

Alfas shared the top of the grid with Ferrari, and the credentials of their drivers were beyond reproach. Vic Elford, last year's Sebring winner with a Porsche, was in one Alfa, but the quickest of the marque was under Peter Revson, who has been driving up a storm this year on the Formula I circuit. He was to do the same at Sebring, but in a different sense.

To no one's surprise, the Andretti-Ickx Ferrari jumped off to a quick lead at the drop of the green flag, with the other two 312s right behind him. The Alfas held their cool, waiting for the supposed Ferrari fragility to manifest itself. With the race less than two hours old a minor collision in the Esses brought out the yellow flag. A steward then claimed that the Alfas driven by Revson and Vaccarella had passed on the yellow, which is illegal, and both cars were black-flagged in for brief punishment. When Revvy pulled up to the chief steward, one Charlie Earwood, he denied passing illegally, and in the course of the dispute Earwood's hat got knocked from his head. Revson drove off, but when he came in for his next driver's change he was hauled before the assembled stewards and charged with unsportsmanlike conduct. According to the official report of the incident, "It was alleged also that an obscene gesture was made."

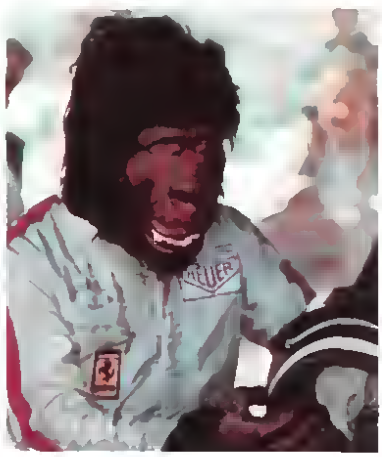
"That's an outright lie," Revvy said later, and two disinterested witnesses backed him up. But it was to no avail: Revson was banished from the race. The Alfa team manager, Carlo Chiti, formally apologized for Revson, but as Peter said, "Nobody had to apologize for me. I did nothing that a professional racing driver should have to apologize for." The expulsion did indeed seem biased, if not plain bush.

And so the race wore on. There were a few brief moments of surprise: Peterson's Ferrari ran out of gas as his co-driver, Australia's Tim Schenken, raced along the pit wall signaling a warning, but was refueled and ultimately finished second. Regazzoni's Ferrari inexplicably burst into flames, creating hysteria among the fans closest to the fire, but Regazzoni was unhurt. The Gulf Mirage died of ailments of the gearbox but showed promise for the future, and Bonnier's Lola succumbed to a succession of troubles. So in the end the Ferraris proved sturdier than the Alfas. Only one of the four Alfas finished the race; the others broke down. Fittingly enough, the third-place car was the Alfa driven by that grand Sicilian milk-shake freak, Nino Vaccarella.

Even with a hole in its engine leaking oil, the Ferrari driven by Andretti and Ickx was too quick. Andretti took the checkered flag with a look of near boredom. His winning speed of 111.508 mph was not much slower than Elford's record of 112.5 set in the bigger, healthier Porsche of last year.

The miniwar of the Corvettes and the GTB-4s was won by the more powerful American cars, and the Bolus & Snopes Camaro performed creditably, finishing 23rd overall and second in its class, a victory for wit and chicanery. It was a nice upbeat note for a race that has been dying so long it almost deserves to be born again. And if Alec Ulmann can find a new site and the money to build a track on it, you can bet it will be. **END**

Ape-man Jecky Ickx sent pit kittens fleeing.



TRY KATE SMITH ON THE ROCKS

Her 'God Bless America' works wonders for Philadelphia as the Flyers battle California and Pittsburgh for an admittedly lowly, but exceedingly lucrative, Stanley Cup playoff spot in the NHL West

by MARK MULVOY

For the owners of a hockey team, making the Stanley Cup playoffs is worth at least $250,000. For the players it means something like $2,500. Maybe the sign in the dressing room of the Philadelphia Flyers says it best: "Miss the playoffs and you spend the summer carrying a lunch bucket." This bit of harsh economic theory was an unnerving reality to live with for four teams—St. Louis, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh and California—that last Wednesday were separated by only three points in the battle for the two remaining playoff spots in the West (Chicago and Minnesota having clinched the top ones). Only 11 days of the regular season remained. "Now," said Philadelphia Goaltender Doug Favell, "is not the time to choke."

St. Louis was in the command position, one point ahead of California and three points in front of both Philadelphia and Pittsburgh. In addition, St. Louis was hyped up by a startling rescue job it had pulled off at Vancouver three days before. In that game the Blues were losing 3–1 with slightly less than two minutes left to play when Coach Al Arbour removed his goaltender for an extra shooter. "A million-to-one shot," Arbour admitted. Unbelievably, Frank St. Marseille and Phil Roberto both scored for St. Louis, enabling the Blues to escape with a tie—and an important point.

The California Seals were discouraged when they arrived in St. Louis for Wednesday night's game with the Blues. For one thing, they faced the worst schedule of the contending teams: four of their last five games would be on the road, and they would be spending three days in Philadelphia and then four days in Pittsburgh. "Plenty of time to sightsee," said Coach Vic Stasiuk. And to worry. For another, they had lost Ivan Boldirev, a tough rookie center who is California's most consistent forward, for the rest of the season with mononucleosis. "The only good thing that has happened around here," said one Seal, "is that Charlie Finley has been so wrapped up with Vida Blue he hasn't had time to bother us."

The Blues controlled play that night and beat the Seals easily 4–1. As a last display of superiority, two of the Plager brothers, Bob and Barclay, ganged up on Bob Stewart, a young defenseman for the Seals, in a melee as the game ended. "Just getting ready for the playoffs," Bob Plager said.

Meanwhile, in Pittsburgh the Penguins dissipated a 3–1 lead and lost to Buffalo

His two front teeth safely stowed in the dressing room, Bobby Clarke, the indispensable Flyer, stick-jousts with Chicago Defenseman Bill White.



4–3. "Stupid mistakes ruined us," said red-faced Coach Red Kelly.

California flew into Philadelphia Thursday afternoon, and all the Seals watched the Flyers play the Chicago Black Hawks that night. Like the Seals, the Flyers were hurting. Favell had a bad back. No. 2 Goalie Bruce Gamble was recovering from a heart attack. No. 3 Goalie Bob Taylor had a bad catching hand. So the No. 4 goalie, Don McLeod, started against Bobby Hull and friends. Worse yet, Philadelphia's best player, 22-year-old Bobby Clarke, was hobbling around on a bruised ankle and it was doubtful that he would see any action. "Take Clarke out," Favell said, "and we're really in trouble."

Clarke had 30 goals and 42 assists for the Flyers and was the No. 2 scorer in the West, trailing only Hull. Earlier in the week the Flyers had signed him to a five-year, $600,000 contract. A modest star who normally says little, Clarke was eloquent enough to persuade Coach Fred Shero that he was fit to play against Chicago, even though it was obvious that he was moving at only three-quarter speed in the pregame skate. Upstairs, California's Vic Stasiuk was smiling. Chicago Coach Billy Reay was playing ace Goalie Tony Esposito against the Flyers, who had a fourth-stringer in the nets, and Clarke was injured. Perfect. "Now if they don't use Kate Smith," Stasiuk said, "we'll be all right."

Kate is the Flyers' not-so-secret weapon. When things are not going well for them, they switch from the national anthem to Kate's recording of *God Bless America*. Kate is 21-2-1 for the Flyers over the last three years, while *The Star-Spangled Banner* is only 25-35-26. Nevertheless, she did not sing before the Chicago game. Not surprisingly, the Flyers lost 4–2 and remained two points behind the Seals.

"If we don't beat California Saturday," Clarke said after the game, "we'll probably be out of the playoffs. We've played two less games than the Seals, but that doesn't matter much anymore. It's tough to make up points the last week of the season." The Flyers sent two of their scouts to watch the Seals practice at the University of Pennsylvania on Friday afternoon, a tactic that irritated California General Manager Garry Young. "That's bush," he said. "How can you work on new plays when they're taking notes?"



Philadelphia's Jean Potvin pots a Seal during a crucial shutout of battered California.

Philadelphia's Favell, who had played the third period of the Chicago game, hardly looked healthy as the teams warmed up Saturday night, but he was going to start anyway. "And he'd better come up with a big game," Coach Shero said.

"All year long I've had things wrong with me," Favell said. "Little things. Like my back. Like ptomaine. One night in Montreal I couldn't sleep, so I sent out for a hot pastrami sandwich. I got poisoned. It was awful. But there's no time left for excuses now."

For their warmup, the Seals dressed a rookie named Dale Hall. "I just want to confuse them a little bit," Young said. He succeeded. "You ought to see those Philly guys," Young said, laughing. "Well, I'm not going to dress Hall for the game anyway."

As the teams lined up a few minutes later, Young and Coach Stasiuk were apprehensive. "Will she or won't she?" Young wondered. Then the public-address announcer told the capacity crowd of 14,626: "Ladies and gentlemen, please rise and join Kate Smith in the singing of *God Bless America*." The cheers were deafening. Moments later the announcer introduced Gamble, who was seeing his first game since his heart attack. "We're down 2–0 in the psychological war already," Young said.

Once the real action started, the Flyers checked the Seals closely and with plenty of muscle, particularly from 230-pound Rick Foley and 190-pound Bob Kelly. Foley normally plays defense, but for this game Shero decided to spot him at left wing whenever a situation called for aggression. The first time Foley appeared he worked on a line with Clarke and Cowboy Flett. He barged down the wing, took the puck off the boards and fired it across the goal mouth. Clarke, standing alone at the corner, rammed it past Goalie Gilles Meloche and Philadelphia led 1–0.

Favell, meanwhile, had little work. What shots the Seals did manage came from the blue line, and they were easy to handle. "Thank goodness," he said later. "I wasn't moving very well."

Bill Clement beat Meloche in the second period, and Clarke scored into an empty net as the Flyers won 3–0. Favell had to stop only 26 shots for his shutout, and 15 of them came from the California defensemen. Just as the Blues had done in St. Louis, the Flyers ended the game with a brawl. With only one second to play, Foley and Kelly ganged up on California's Joey Johnston. The poor Seals.

Out in St. Louis the Blues defeated Detroit as rookie Mike Murphy scored the hat trick, and over in Pittsburgh the Penguins beat Minnesota 3–2. "I think St. Louis is in now," Philadelphia's Shero said, assessing the standings at week's end. "California has to be in deep trouble. So it should be Pittsburgh or us for the other spot."

Those teams play Saturday night in Philly. Kate Smith will be there. **END**



OH, JOHNNY, OH, JOHNNY OH!

Will he ever stop winning? John Wooden and his UCLA Bruins did it again, and almost everybody was happy except the rest of the country, which might like to swing to another tune, just once

by CURRY KIRKPATRICK

God grant me the serenity to accept the things I cannot change, courage to change the things I can, and wisdom always to tell the difference.

—SLAUGHTERHOUSE-FIVE
(*after Reinhold Niebuhr*)

Like Kurt Vonnegut's Billy Pilgrim, college basketball cannot change the *past*, *the present* or *the future*. *UCLA* defeated Louisville 96–77 and Florida State 81–76. The Bruins won the national championship. So it goes.

It went like always in the Los Angeles Sports Arena last week when UCLA came face to face with three challengers from the South and proceeded to win the NCAA title almost as quickly as you can say hush puppy. The Bruins won their sixth championship in a row, their eighth in the last nine years and, on the final day that they drove ol' Dixie down, Bill Walton (*see cover*) was not even at his best.

He was good enough. Walton led the tournament in points (57), rebounds (41), blocked shots, time-outs and, distressingly, moans. It was this final, perhaps sophomoric, tendency to complain too much that marred an otherwise perfect conclusion to his wondrous rookie season as the college game's Player of the Year.

From the beginning it was a tournament of crosscurrents, transmigrations, in-laws and, some said, outlaws. The Florida State coach was from the city of Louisville; the Louisville coach from UCLA. A UCLA guard, Tommy Curtis, was recruited out of Tallahassee while two Florida State players were from Louisville, two others from North Carolina. The Tar Heels did not have anybody from any of the others' places, and during the one horrifying half of basketball that meant their downfall, a UCLA fan sent them on their way back to nowhere with "Hey, what league are you guys from? Hunger?"

Benign, be-Bruined and be-pomponed, Wooden strolls off with another championship.

For those partial to drama, intrigue and the Gospel according to St. Luke (15:11-32), the neatest clash of the week involved the return of the prodigal Crum to Los Angeles. Denny Crum, the former assistant to UCLA Coach John Wooden, had departed Westwood for Louisville and already he had made it back to do battle with his old mentor.

A native of Southern California, Crum had many friends in L.A., but his quick tongue and cocksure nature had earned him enemies, too. Also, his sudden success with an inherited team of good veterans raised jealous hackles in the coaching fraternity. "Denny's a climber," said one. "He's done a fine job, yes, but he moved to a great situation. He's probably put in for the Cincinnati coaching job already so he can get back to the finals next year."

One journalist reported that Crum and Wooden were not all that friendly; that after their celebrated argument on the bench during the finals at Houston last year, the two had a falling-out; that Crum was exiled to Louisville rather than leaving of his own accord.

It is true that Wooden and Crum often disagreed, and the two are vastly dissimilar in life-styles and personalities. Wooden once told student Crum: "Denny, you're the world's greatest cardplayer . . . from nose to chin." But their differences ended there, and both seemed delighted that the other had reached the tournament semifinals.

"I'm tickled Denny's here," said Wooden. "It's just too bad one of us has to lose."

"I like to play friends for fun, not for real," said Crum.

In the runway before the game, as the UCLA and Louisville players lined up waiting to go on, Walton playfully grabbed Crum and said, "Coach, where's the money you promised me last year under the table?" UCLA's Greg Lee kidded Crum about his "pitiful" sideburns. Then everybody started moving.

If Denny Crum had been told right then that his team would hold Bill Walton to 13 shots, that Louisville's marvelous Jim Price would embarrass Henry Bibby 30 points to two, that the Cards would beat the UCLA zone press, play tough defense themselves and commit only 11 errors to the Bruins' 21, he would have figured—as would anybody—that the game would be close. It wasn't.

Walton dominated everything right away. On defense he harassed Price the first time the Louisville guard drove the lane. Price stayed away thereafter. Walton intercepted Al Vilcheck's first pass and blocked his first shot. He took away Ron (The Horse) Thomas' inside moves to such an extent that Thomas had to go outside where, sorrowfully, he was a horse with no game.

By the time Walton called time out at 9:40 of the first half, he had outscored Louisville 16–14 by himself and UCLA led 20–14. Though the Cards were behind by only eight at the half, the closest any team had come to the Bruins in the first 20 minutes all season, they had to know it was hopeless. Nine times they had beaten the press to earn a two-on-one situa-

continued

tion against Walton and an open shot from the corner; nine times they had missed. So it goes.

Louisville, in frustration, became quite physical with Walton and several heated exchanges took place. At one point Mike Lawhon, who was to miss all seven of his floor shots but sneak in some nice fist shots on Walton's body, yelled at the redhead, "You big crybaby. What a candy you are."

Walton rocked and fumed on the free-throw line. "These two are for you," he snarled at Lawhon as he rammed in the free throws. "And I'll see you after the game."

With the aid of Larry Farmer's 15 second-half points, UCLA ran out the string as Walton finished with 33 points and 21 rebounds. Vilcheck and Thomas, both of whom fouled out, were beaten but not cordial. "Walton is strong, but you can't touch him," said Vilcheck. "The officials put him in a cage. He cries a lot, constantly, and he's too good a man to do that."

Both at Los Angeles last week and at Provo, Utah in the regional championships the week before there were accusations by many objective authorities that Walton did protest overmuch and that he was "protected" by the referees. Long Beach ranted against him in the West Regional. So did Louisville in the semifinals. And in the final against Florida State there was evidence that the 6′ 11″ sophomore got the better of the officiating early in the game.

Walton is too domineering a player to complain about rough play as much as he does, but this, hopefully, is a trait of youth and easily corrected. The only cage around him is the one set up by UCLA officials, who have been accused before of creating a paranoiac feeling among the Bruins toward the outside world. Walton would not respond to the "crybaby" charges.

For North Carolina Coach Dean Smith, it was another finals week to weep over. He did everything possible to keep his players' minds on the semifinal game against Florida State and not have them looking ahead to UCLA. The No. 2-ranked Tar Heels practiced at Pepperdine instead of the Sports Arena. (Not even Pepperdine plays at Pepperdine.) They kept their watches set on Eastern Standard Time. They ate the right foods, drank plenty of liquids and wore nice blue blazers—only to be ripped apart by a case of Petty larceny.

"We live on quickness but Florida State is quicker," a concerned Smith said before the game. "Mr. Petty goes beep-beep and it's all over."

How true. Otto(mobile) Petty, all 5′7″ of him, entered the game for the Seminoles midway in the first half and North Carolina never even heard the beep-beep. A wisp of a player who zips in and out of traffic as his nickname suggests, Otto went into high gear immediately. He took his tall and speedy teammates from a one-point lead to a 45–32 halftime margin as the Heels tottered into their traditional NCAA collapse.

When Petty wasn't deflating the Carolina pressure defense, he was feeding Ron King and Reggie Royals for points. Florida State soon led by an astounding 23 of them.

Suddenly Carolina woke up and turned things around. Robert McAdoo, who played the game of his life, started the rally only to foul out on a curious pushing call when he had bodies all over his back. Still the Tar Heels came on with Dennis Wuycik throwing them in from his socks.

They came to 70 65 before Florida State's Durham called time with 5:13 left to switch his Seminoles into a zone. Against this strategy Carolina had four different chances to cut the lead some more but blew every one. When Kim Huband, the team's best outside shooter, came off the bench to take an open 15-footer and hit only oxygen, the Tar Heels were finally dead by 79–75.

And so here came Hugh Durham and Florida State into the national championship game. This was a Florida State that had been on probation so long the players' wrists were still yellow from the cuffs. A team which, back-to-back, won a game with 134 points and lost one with 10. A former girls' school, Florida State lost that 30–10 forfeit to Hawaii and won what could be a swan song over Adolph Rupp. It was practically booked and fingerprinted in the NCAA "affidavit" fiasco of two weeks ago. With nine blacks and another player nobody was sure of because he tied his hair in knots and went under the name of "Cochise," the Seminoles were—yuk, yuk—the dark horses of the tournament. The whole thing was just too much for Bill Wall, the president of the National Association of Basketball Coaches. At midday on Friday, Durham—on the verge of his finest moment in the profession—got hit between the eyes.

At a press conference Wall, the coach at tiny MacMurray, spoke about the many and admitted ills of the game. And then he blasted Florida State. In a series of remarks that can only be called ill-advised at best, Wall referred to Durham as the coach who "has been caught with his hand in the till twice. I resent the fact that they are here," Wall said. "The coaches are amazed, disgusted and disillusioned." Wall apparently was talking about recruiting violations that had put Florida State on probation the previous three seasons.

Durham, whose school is considering a lawsuit, said only that he would "not get down to Wall's level," and at Friday's afternoon practice session UCLA's Wooden consoled him.

"I'm sorry about all this," Wooden said. "I want you to know we don't feel the same way."

(The irony of their meeting was that the school on probation in the finals was not Florida State but UCLA, whose punishment—because of football hanky-panky—carries a "without restrictions" clause that is a joke to independent schools everywhere.)

Down the court Walton, in blue jeans and button-down shirt, watched the Seminoles warm up. Lawrence McCray, FSU's 6′ 11″ center, spotted him and nervously missed his next six layups. Almost imperceptibly, Walton lifted his fist in a wave. McCray smiled and fist-saluted back, but then he walked away from the basket and did not shoot inside again until Walton had left.

Saturday afternoon, with unproved allegations and the Walls of the world crashing down on them, the Seminoles made a gallant and thrilling stand against UCLA. They made two runs at the Bruins, early and late, but first Walton and then Keith (Silk) Wilkes spoiled the Seminoles' dreams.

After missing twice to open the game, Florida State hit its next seven shots and took a 21–14 lead. It was the only time this season UCLA had trailed by more than four points. And it was a shock. But the

continued



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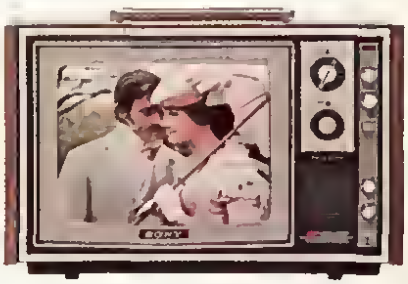
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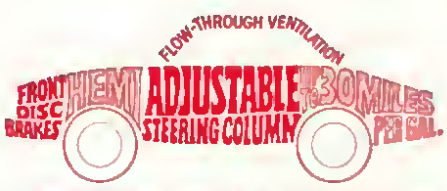
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Seminoles—and especially McCray—were getting in foul trouble. Quickly, Bibby and Walton brought the Bruins back to a tie. Then—wouldn't you know it?—the Tallahassee Sassy, Curtis, ignited UCLA to a 50–39 halftime lead.

Florida State was so busy swarming around Walton that Wilkes went roaming, and he got free enough to wind up with 23 points and make the plays that stopped the Seminoles' final surge.

With Walton on the bench for a while—he had four fouls, meaning there must have been some holes in that cage—and with King hitting for the challengers, FSU cut a 16-point deficit to 79–72 toward the end. But the Seminoles then turned the ball over three times, once when Wilkes knocked a pass away. Wilkes also controlled a crucial jump ball with 1:05 left and scored UCLA's final layup that clinched the championship—quite a day's work for an 18-year-old.

Walton's reaction to the victory was puzzling. With a disturbing, almost disdainful attitude, he told the press he was "not elated." He felt as though he had lost the game. He gave a few "no comments." He snapped off tart replies. He was sarcastic, defensive, and he stormed off muttering, "I've answered enough questions." Later a woman, bedecked with a UCLA badge and ribbons, took his picture, and the center stunned her with, "I thought they told you in Provo not to do that." Bill Walton was honest in Los Angeles, but it was a childish show off the court.

"We don't like to back into things," he said. "We didn't dominate the way I know we can." But a perfect 30-0 season and 45 victories in a row were enough for Wooden, who was more gracious to his opponents.

Next season UCLA will find various new motivations. Early, the Bruins need three consecutive victories for a school record. Midway, they need 16 wins to break the alltime mark of 60 straight set by Bill Russell's teams from San Francisco. And later there will be another NCAA tournament.

"I hope I never get to the position of thinking just in terms of records," Wooden said. "I don't want to think about 60. I want to win the next one—what is it? No. 46. I want to win 46 in a row."

John Wooden plays them one national championship at a time. **END**





Big Jack Has Big Dreams Again

Going to Augusta, golf's greatest moneymaker is fit and his game is honed for a prize that is larger than mere dollars. Jack Nicklaus' grail has become the elusive Grand Slam

by DAN JENKINS

Trying to pick the winner of a golf tournament is about as easy as finding the vermouth in the martini of a suburban housewife. Week to week on the PGA tour there must be at least 100 players capable of outscoring each other. For instance, who in the office pool had the gray-haired club pro Paul Harney at San Diego? Who had Bob Rosburg, with the baseball grip and the 11-year drought, at the Hope? Who had Grier Jones in Hawaii? Who had Jerry Heard in the Citrus? Who is Jerry Heard, anyhow? And though a lot of people pick Jeanne Weiskopf every week, how many seriously went for Tom in the Gleason at Fort Lauderdale? The answer to all these questions is a knowing, agreeable sigh. There are times, however, when a prediction seems somehow possible, whether it eventually comes true or not. And one of these occasions is upon us: Masters week. While there is a body of evidence that the Masters has become as hard to forecast as any other tournament, that evidence being the past five winners—Charles Coody, Billy Casper, George Archer, Bob Goalby and Gay Brewer—this has nothing to do with telling whoever will listen who *ought* to win.

Who ought to win every year, of course, is Jack Nicklaus. Who used to ought to win every year was Arnold Palmer. And who nearly ought to win every year was, and still is, Gary Player.

The reason Jack Nicklaus is supposed to win the Masters each April is because his game is particularly suited to the Augusta National course, a place of unlevel lies. Downhills, uphills, sidehills and such. At least it is for the normal human being. Nicklaus, however, can hit the tee shot far enough down into the valleys and up onto the plateaus that he can avoid many of the tilts and slants. This means his second shots are far easier to handle.

Also, Nicklaus' strength combined with the accuracy that has helped him become golf's alltime leading money winner has a tendency to make Augusta's par-5 holes more like long par-4s. There are four of them, the 2nd, 8th, 13th and 15th. Unless there happens to be a gale, or the course is soggy, Nicklaus can usually reach all four holes with his second shot, turning them into likely birdies and turning the course into a par 68—for him. At least it would seem to be a par 68 That he has birdied these par-5s only half the time since he last won the Masters suggests that they still present something of a challenge.

Beyond this apparent advantage, there is Nicklaus' competitive drive. Not since Ben Hogan has there been a golfer so consumed with winning major championships. He wants to win more big ones than Bobby Jones did, which means at least 14. To date, he has 11—three Masters, two U.S. Opens, two British Opens, two PGAs and two U.S. Amateurs.

It is appalling to consider how easily Nicklaus might already have reached his quota. Take last season. After he began the year by winning the PGA Championship, and leveled his sights on another modest project—taking the modern Grand Slam, or all four big ones in the same calendar year—he finished second in the Masters, second in the U.S. Open and fourth in the British Open.

In two of the last three he looked like a winner. In each case he was certain he would win. His game had been primed and polished for those events, and his attitude and concentration were perfect. Somehow, nevertheless, he lost. And, ironically, he lost on the very holes where he was expected to win, the par-5s.

Over the final nine holes at the Masters Nicklaus could have tied Coody with birdies at 13 and 15, which he reached in two that Sunday with four-irons. What would the odds be on Jack hitting a four-iron to a par-5 and not getting a birdie? Twice?

Then came the U.S. Open at Merion and the playoff with Lee Trevino. The par-5 that got him there was the 2nd hole. After taking a one-stroke lead on the 1st hole, he smashed a good drive, but he hit his second into a bunker and then left the third shot in there for a bogey. He was so stunned he promptly double-bogeyed the next hole, a par-3, Trevino, perhaps the best of the head-to-head competitors, was not about to let Nicklaus up, psychologically or any other way after that.

"He's the greatest player in the world," Trevino has said. "But I always like my chances one-on-one."

Nicklaus found his trouble in the British Open early, the first day at Birkdale, when he had a good chance to take a two-stroke lead on the field. He was tied for first with two holes to play, both of them birdie holes—*eagle* holes, almost, depending on the wind—for Nicklaus. He bogeyed them both, hurling himself back into the heap and killing his confidence for the week.

Losing a tournament that one wants badly to win, and thinks he *is* winning, is not the most fun thing in an athlete's life. But another of Jack Nicklaus' weapons is his reaction to disappointment. Buoyed by youth and ability, and honestly gracious, he somehow seems able to laugh, even when he loses, because he knows that he has another time coming.

Recently Nicklaus was asked what it feels like to hear constantly that he is the best player in the world.

"If I believed it, I wouldn't be able to achieve anything," he said. "I don't think I'm the golfer yet that I'm capable of becoming. If I ever *do* win more major championships than Bobby Jones, I don't think I'll be satisfied with myself if I know I have more competitive years ahead of me. I'll know I still have room for improvement."

What if he were able to win the Masters, U.S. and British Opens and the PGA all in the same year?

"That's obviously one of my goals but it's a pretty high one," he says. "I think it's possible, and not just for me but for a lot of players. But I also think it's improbable. Some of us have come close. I suppose I came close last year. All I know is this. If I happened to do it now or next year or anytime in the immediate future, I wouldn't say O.K., that's it, and quit. I'd think up something else for a goal. Everybody wants to be the best And there's nothing wrong with trying."

There could hardly be a better year for Jack to try for the Slam than 1972. The courses must look tempting to him. Augusta, where he's won three times. The U.S. Open at Pebble Beach, where he won the Amateur and also this year's Crosby Muirfield, near Edinburgh, where he won his first British Open in 1966. And Oakland Hills for the PGA. Nicklaus has not won at Oakland Hills, but it is a classic layout where he played well as an amateur in the 1961 Open, finishing fourth.

"It's silly to say I'm going after the Grand Slam," he observes. "What I'm going after is the Masters, the first of the big four. You can only say you're going after the Slam when you've won the first three, and no one has done that. But you're always concentrating and working and thinking, getting your game ready for the major championships."

If Nicklaus' game is not ready for this year's Masters, it has never been. He goes to Augusta as the first man ever to win more than $100,000 so early in the season, as the winner, already, of two tournaments on the tour and nearly the winner of two more, the Gleason and last week's New Orleans Open. He goes with tremendous respect for his main challengers—Palmer, Player, Trevino—and golfers he holds much respect for, like Johnny Miller, Larry Hinson, George Archer, Tony Jacklin, Tom Weiskopf.

"Arnold's a better golfer now than he ever was," says Nicklaus. "He's a better driver and shotmaker. Gary's always a threat in a major tournament because he comes ready and he's a terrific competitor. Trevino's a great player and Archer's very underrated. And guys like Miller and Hinson and Weiskopf have everything it takes. There are lots of others who can win anytime, anywhere. The difference in winning and losing a golf tournament is so thin it's almost foolish."

Nicklaus enjoys his new image, which is that of a man who has taken on the *look* of a celebrity. His dress is neat yet individualistic, at times even colorfully mod. His hair is long now and golden. And he's trim. As his wife Barbara has said, "He's getting too cute."

With it all, Nicklaus has emerged as friendly, immensely articulate, at times very humorous. In effect, a true statesman of the game.

"Yeah, I like whatever my so-called image is now," he grins. "I guess you could say I like myself better. What was I coming out 10 years ago? A fat kid with a crew cut who beat Arnold when nobody wanted him to lose."

If Jack Nicklaus is ripe to win the Masters, it could be for no better reason than the simple fact that he has not won it for five years. The only man ever to win it back to back, and the man who co-holds the course record (64), and holds the 72-hole record (271), has not taken the Masters since 1966. And that is too long, on his course, with his game, with his desire.

What saves the Masters, as well as the sport itself, are all of those Charlie Coodys who are waiting to pounce when Nicklaus mysteriously fails. For like Jones and Hogan and Palmer, Jack Nicklaus has finally arrived at a point in history when his losing makes almost as much news as his winning.

And *that*, as somebody surely must have said before now, is true fame.

CONTINUED



spell it TROUBLE

As always, whoever wins will have to negotiate that forgotten front nine, and there, says Dan Jenkins, is where one finds more problems than most Masters fans ever see, live or on TV

It is a belief among those who attend the Masters regularly that if you were to assemble all of the people you know who have ever actually seen the 5th hole of the Augusta National course, you could stick them into a single azalea patch and still have enough room left for Arnold Palmer to take a slash at the ball. The 5th hole at Augusta is way out there somewhere, out and up and back, crawling silently along, a shadow on the map that might just as well indicate a manganese mine in the Ukraine or a gorilla sanctuary in Uganda. Hidden away, uncelebrated, almost mysterious, the 5th hole epitomizes something more—the forgotten front nine. Although these luxuriant 3,485 yards are part of the most celebrated golf layout in America, they have gained about as much glory through the years as all those shots Gene Sarazen hit that weren't double eagles. If Augusta's front nine ever ran for public office, it would be a county clerk. If the front nine ever got into big government, it would be an assistant administrator in the thrill-a-minute Office of Minerals and Solid Fuels.

The problem with most front nines in golf, imagewise, is that there always is a back nine. A round concludes on the back, and most professional tournaments of 72 holes reserve their drama for the final moments. Invariably, there is the winner, hurling his visor into the air on the 18th green—or simply nodding like Charles Coody—and, meanwhile, there goes the front nine, trotting back to the sideline in obscurity, like the man who holds the football for the winning field goal.

In the case of Augusta National, a number of things have helped detract from the front nine's scenic and heroic qualities. For one, it started as the back nine, which is a historical fact ranking right up there with Charles G. Dawes being the 30th Vice-President of the U.S. The first Masters, held in 1934, was played with the present course reversed—today's front nine was the back. As first designed by Bob Jones and Alister MacKenzie, the original back nine appeared to have the more spectacular terrain. But in 1935 they switched the nines around in an experiment. What immediately occurred, of course, was Sarazen's double eagle at the 15th hole. Who could change back after *that*?

As the years went by, refinements to the course seemed always to enhance the back side more than the front, and other memorable events kept occurring there. More water was added until there were no fewer than five water holes on the back nine, compared to none on the front.

Eventually, Augusta's back nine had more beauty, more drama, more water, a couple of par-5s (the 13th and 15th) that offered exciting gambles, Rae's Creek, Amen Corner, Byron Nelson's streak, a few Arnold Palmer charges—and television. All the while, perversely, almost everything sensational that happened on the front nine happened to somebody who would *lose* the Masters.

And so today all the front nine has going for it is the little-noted fact that it is, on several counts, the more difficult of the two nines. (Ten of the last 15 Masters champions have scored higher on the front nine than on the back.) The pros know all about this, they play the front nine to survive, and on the back they go for broke.

Consider now, Augusta's forgotten holes, one by one:

NO. 1, 400 YARDS, PAR 4

The tee is situated just below the clubhouse veranda and the practice putting green. The drive must carry a deep valley and come to rest to the left of a deep bunker on a plateau, setting up a pitch shot to a rolling green. It is a splendid starting hole and there have been some splendid starts.

None was more spectacular than that of Roberto De Vicenzo in 1968. On the first hole of the final round he lofted a nine-iron into the cup for an eagle 2 and then birdied the next two holes. Four under through three. But all this

is obscure history because of a simple signature—his, which he put on a scorecard that was in error, a slip that cost him a tie for the title.

The 1st hole not only relinquished an eagle deuce to Roberto, but two years later, during the third round, it gave up another to another foreigner, Takaaki Kono of Japan. He plopped a seven-iron into the cup, bowed, and then birdied the 2nd.

This hole also marked the beginning of one of the most thrilling episodes in the Masters. In 1956 an amateur named Ken Venturi showed up. The first day, in his first Masters, he birdied No. 1, then 2, then 3 and then 4. He blistered the place with a 66 and held the lead for 70 amazing holes until a violent wind, slick greens and his own inexperience undid him.

Years before, it was Venturi's tutor, Byron Nelson, who proved that the 1st hole is not necessarily a pushover. Nelson had to face Ben Hogan in the 1942 Masters playoff. Sick to his stomach as he started, as usual, and asked to compete before a gallery that included practically the entire field—the other pros had stayed over to watch—Nelson *shanked* his tee shot on No. 1 and made a double bogey 6. Through five holes he was three strokes behind. From that point on, however, it is pure lore how Nelson played six-under-par golf—"the best of my career"—and beat Hogan by one shot.



No. 1, a splendid starting hole. The drive must carry a deep valley and stop on a plateau to the left of the bunker.

NO. 2, 555 YARDS, PAR 5

With snow on the ground, Augusta's 2nd would resemble a nice lower-intermediate ski run. It goes out and then down and around to the left, through a forest of tall pines. With a good lie and a helping breeze, the 2nd can be reached in two blows but it takes the most perfect of shots, for the green is hard to hold and there are bunkers guarding the front. Birdies are usually the result of a good, long lag putt, or a fine chip shot or bunker shot. Birdies are sometimes taken for granted here, but no one who saw it will ever forget Gene Littler, in his 1970 playoff with Billy Casper, hitting a wedge about 10 feet, thus inventing the squirt-shank-scruff, on the "easy" 2nd hole.

NO. 3, 355 YARDS, PAR 4

If there is an unfair hole on the front nine, it is this one. The drive is gently uphill and reasonably open, but the green is on a ledge and extremely difficult to hold. An all-but-perfect approach is likely to bound over, or stop short. A poor shot can bounce off a hill and ease into

continued



No. 5, the toughest hole on the front nine. Its undulating approach and unnerving moguls lend it a Scottish air.

MASTERS *continued*

the pin, or skip up and onto the green, accidentally. Because of the shape of the green, the 3rd hole remains one of the three holes on the front nine (the 5th and 7th are the others) that have never been eagled during the tournament.

A hillside to the right of the green, however, has become one of the favorite hangouts of veteran Masters watchers. There, one can follow the shots coming into the 3rd as well as the entire 4th hole. And besides that, it is the point of no return. The viewer has walked down and then up the 1st, down and across the 2nd, staying on top of the hill approximately where the second shots are struck. He then has cut through the trees a short distance and arrived leisurely at the 3rd without missing anything. To leave the 3rd green and go all the way up to the 4th green is to commit himself to walking the hidden and tiring 5th hole, from which he only has to come back down to civilization again, possibly with a coronary.

NO. 4, 220 YARDS, PAR 3

Here is one of the superb one-shot holes in golf. Like most of the greens at Augusta, this one is enormous and heavily contoured. The player simply must gamble with the yawning bunker fronting the green and try to get close to the flag, or risk three-putting. It is the longest par-3 on the course, and on more than one memorable occasion it has been the turning point in a brilliant round.

Jack Nicklaus birdied the 4th in 1965 when he equaled the course record of 64, eight under par, in the third round, and went on to win the tournament by nine strokes. That day he birdied three of the four par-3s and tied the front-nine record of 31. To display the difference between himself and mere mortals that afternoon, Jack crushed a four-iron into the 4th hole where some others were hitting four-woods, and his shot landed eight feet from the cup.

"I had a feeling it might be a good day after that," said Jack.

NO. 5, 450 YARDS, PAR 4

What Bob Jones had in mind here was a hole very much like the seaside ones in Scotland and England, only his would be among the pines. And he got what he had in mind.

It is a remarkable hole, and everyone really ought to see it sometime—once. The fairway is alive with moguls and the green offers something of a blind approach, a run-up shot similar to those used on the old links. The perfectly played ball is bounced onto the green with, say, a three-iron.

Last year the 5th wound up being tied with the 10th, a downhill par-4, as the toughest hole in the tournament. These two holes were played in 30 over par by the best 26 competitors, one percentage point higher than the evil 12th, that famed par-3 with the shallow green hard by Rae's Creek.

The 5th is made all the more difficult by a green that falls away, encouraging a shot hit too strongly to keep rolling. There is a lower level—almost a deep swale—on the right side, and the first putt can be a horrid experience from there.

Palmer has always said, "If you can get past the 5th under par, you have a right to expect a low score."

NO. 6, 190 YARDS, PAR 3

Perhaps one of the reasons why so many remarkable things have happened at the 6th is that everybody is so delighted to be past the 5th. Nelson began his rally against Hogan in '42 with a birdie at the 6th. This was where Claude Harmon, an unknown club pro playing in his first tournament of the year, wrapped up the 1948 Masters. In the last round he birdied the 6th, then the 7th and eagled the 8th, and it was all over.

But mainly this is Billy Joe Patton's hole. A lot of them are, one way or an-



No. 6, the postcard hole. The knolled green below a hilltop tee was once compared with an elephant burial ground.

other, but it was at the 6th in the final round of 1954 that Billy Joe caused the greatest roar in Masters annals. For two rounds, despite a series of gambling shots, most of them truly unwise, he had led the field. And he was an amateur. But by the end of the third day he was five strokes behind. That is how he played, up and down, in and out. The crowds swarmed to him and embraced him, and he chatted amiably between his outrageous gambles.

He was to go out the final day in four-under 32 and catch Ben Hogan, the leader, and Sam Snead, the eventual winner. And he would do it primarily with the loudest five-iron Georgia ever heard. What Billy Joe's five-iron at the 6th hole did was sail right into the cup for a hole in one. Right there before 15,000 people.

Hearing the cheer, prolonged and wild, Bob Jones said in his cottage, "Billy Joe's done something again."

Patton lost that Masters on the back nine, with a bogey and double bogey at the par-5s, but he provided more fun and frustration over a four-day period than anyone at Augusta ever has.



No 7, a fine par-4 with a Masters panarama.

The raised green, guarded by four bunkers, demands a delicate approach.

The 6th hole is one of those postcard beauties where the green lies below a high tee. In the early days the green included a giant mound right of center. It looked exactly like the name that players gave it: "The hill where they buried the elephant." There is still a swollen knoll on the putting surface, but it is not mammoth anymore; zebra, possibly.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JAMES DRAKE



NO. 7, 365 YARDS, PAR 4

The late Horton Smith, who won two of the first three Masters, deserves credit for suggesting the change that transformed the 7th hole into one of the best on the course. Originally the green sat low, requiring another of those runup shots Jones wanted to achieve. Smith thought it should be Americanized. And it was. The green was raised and surrounded by four bunkers. It now requires as much finesse as any pitch shot the best of pros can hit.

There is a "Masters-type" panorama to the 7th, where a huge leaderboard rises behind the green, invariably engulfed by fans. It is one of the most frustrating holes on the course. The length suggests that it ought to be birdied, but the pitch shot takes the easy birdie away. Here, again, is a hole where Jack Nicklaus in 1965, en route to his 64, drew away from the field. He hit a wedge shot that bounced up to within two feet of the cup—another bird. It was this shot, as much as any other, that prompted Bob Jones to say, "Nicklaus plays a game with which I am not familiar."

NO. 8, 530 YARDS, PAR 5

The 8th hole calls for two demanding shots, either of which can drift into the woods and turn what is considered to be a birdie hole into a problem par. Furthermore, it is uphill almost all the way, with the second shot a blind one if the

continued

golfer is attempting to reach the green.

There was a time at Augusta when the 8th green was one of the few in existence where a ball could be resting on the front part and the man with the putter could not see the flag. If the pin was far to the left, and back, it was inaccessible for all except the player who knew how to hit a big hook with his putter. The green, happily, has been redesigned to make it fairer.

The drive can be troublesome. About 240 yards out, and right of center, is a large bunker. A tee shot landing in the bunker makes the hole a long-shot par and a probable bogey 6. The 8th has given up the only other double eagle in the Masters, and one of the least publicized ever. It was in the first round in 1967 that Bruce Devlin slammed a hooking four-wood up the big hill, onto the green and into the cup for a 2.

"All I knew when I hit the shot was that it ought to be on the green," says Devlin. "It took about five seconds for word to get back downhill that it had gone in. I'd guess maybe 300 people were in the gallery, but 15,000 have told me they saw it."

After Sarazen's double eagle at the 15th, it was ordained for him to win. By contrast, it was ordained for Devlin to follow his double eagle with five bogeys. Still, they both hit four-woods, didn't they?

No. 8, a deceptive hole. Uphill almost all the way, it entices a bold birdie try that can wreak havoc on the hold



NO. 9, 420 YARDS, PAR 4

A long drive that disappears down a hill and then a steep slope upward for the pitch shot make the 9th, essentially, another blind hole at Augusta.

But while it measures the same as the 18th hole and requires an uphill second, and perhaps to the unknowing eye holds the same basic character, the 9th plays far differently. On the 9th, the tee shot gets the benefit of the downward roll; at the 18th the tee shot bores into the hill. Thus, the 9th plays easier

The two greens are similar, sloping severely downward, and they are fast, faster than most. Many an approach shot backspins off the 9th, and many a putt from the upper back side never stops rolling.

The only player who ever defeated the 9th thoroughly was, again, Billy Joe. He birdied it all four rounds of his '54 Masters. But this seemed trivial compared with the other deeds he performed. His play of the 9th was lost in the frenzy of the back nine on the final day when, like any other Masters, all that comes before seems inconsequential

It will no doubt be the same again this year. Toward dusk on Sunday, a man who has been seized by the impulse to win will come trudging up the final fairway, a survivor of Amen Corner and Rae's Creek, of himself and of others.

There on the 18th green he will stand, weary but triumphant, having conquered the golf course that television shows—most of the back nine—and the only part of the Masters course that somehow matters at this moment. But if anyone cares to look off to the west, across the battleground that was, he can see some empty hills and valleys and pines; deserted golf holes that were every bit as important to the drama of the week, but now are quite forgotten. They will be the ones where the sprinklers have already been turned on. END

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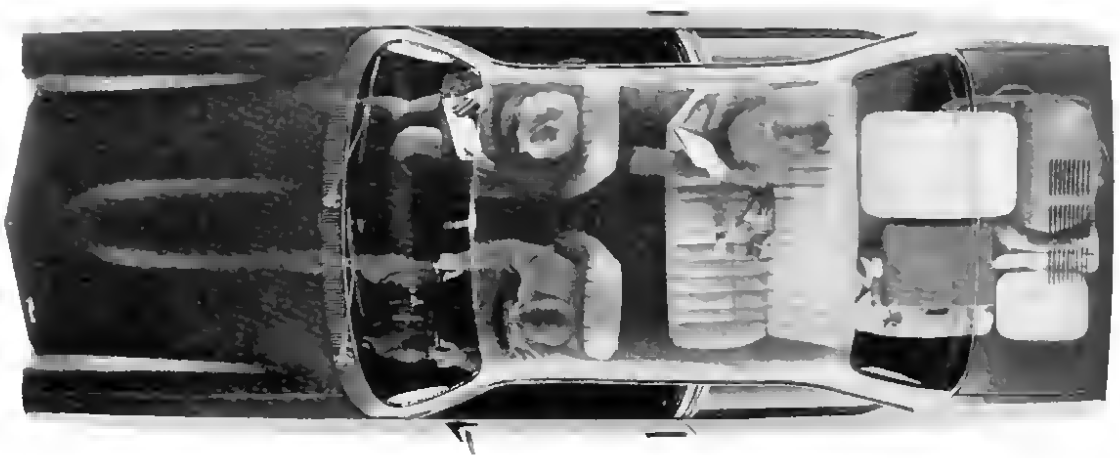
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A puzzled look came over the travel agent's face, and he asked me if I would please repeat. "Certainly," I said. "My wife and I are looking for a place where nobody goes and we can catch a little sun and a few fish and it doesn't take forever to get there—and nobody goes there!"

"Yes," the travel agent said, "I see. Hmmmmm. That shouldn't be too hard. Hmmmmmmm. Let me see. Ah, ha! I've got it! Alabama!"

"We've been to Alabama."

"Well, then," the agent said, pulling out a map. "Let's try something dramatic. How about Oaxaca? No? San José? Oh, I see. Grenada? You've been *there*, too? Let's see. . . . How about British Honduras?"

"How about *where*?"

"British Honduras, also known as Belize. Look here at the map. It's that little spot just south of Mexico. Just east of Guatemala. On the western edge of the Caribbean."

"Tell me about it."

"I don't know anything about it. I don't think *anybody* knows anything about it. I don't have a single brochure on the place."

if you want to go where nobody goes, try Belize. Fish and game abound, and duendes might carry you off and teach you the guitar

I looked at Su and Su looked at me. Eureka! We had found it.

You can get to Belize (the country's once and future name) or British Honduras (its unfashionable official name) via a tiny Salvadorian airline called Taca, which you should not call Taco unless you are looking for a chili pepper in the eyeball. Taca flies pocket-sized BAC One-Eleven jets and older propeller planes and conducts itself in a refreshingly direct and candid manner. For example, a Taca agent once telephoned me and said, "Our Thursday flight will be leaving Friday owing to the need of our plane to get a license, we hope." But once Taca gets you into the air, you are likely to have a safe and enjoyable journey, Salvadorian style, which means you will be quickly fed and watered and then left alone, an increasing rarity in air travel.

As expected, things went smoothly on our six a.m. flight out of New Orleans to Belize City. We flew for two hours over the Gulf of Mexico and the Yucatán jungles, and then the pilot skillfully slipped us down between towering clouds of cumulonimbus and painted the plane on the strip at Belize City. We looked out on a low-profile countryside of dark swamps and black water canals and thick, green vegetation. Inside a small steamy building that could have been mistaken for a sauna a jovial black customs inspector spotted my typewriter and smiled broadly when he learned I was a writer. "Welcome!" he said.

continued

LAND OF WILD MEN AND TAME DEVILS

by JACK OLSEN

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ROBERT M. CUNNINGHAM

"More than welcome! We are *so* hoppy to see writers. Please tell about us. We're the country that nobody knows."

"Count your blessings," I said.

A BBC producer came to Belize (pronounced Ba-LEEZ) in 1954 and dubbed it "the empty land," and Doubleday's *Encyclopedia of World Travel* described it as "distinguished by two things: emptiness and forests." Emptiness, however, is in the eye of the beholder. Certainly there are no Broadway Joe force-feeding shops in the slowly emerging nation of Belize, nor are there Wimpy joints or neoned used-car lots or air pollution or drive-ins. But there are some 8,800 square miles of jungles and savannas and forests and bays and rivers, and they are brimming with tarpon and jaguars and howler monkeys and vermilion flycatchers and wild orchids and all sorts of things that go bump in the night. If you believe the natives, there are also man-sized creatures called *sesemis* that roam the jungle backward on one foot, beautiful topless women called *lloronas* (criers) who sit by the riverside and entice concupiscent males to their deaths and three-foot-high forest leprechauns called *duendes* that jump atop horses and ride away through walls and over rivers, like Clark Kent and Papillon. It is said that if you are captured by a *duende* two things happen: you go bananas and you achieve instant mastery of the musical instrument of your choice.



"*Duendes* are no joke, sir," says Philip Andrewin, a Belize City businessman and master angler. "I know a victim in my hometown of Gales Point. He has been a little strange ever since the *duendes* took him away as a child. But can he play guitar!" There are also spooks called Jackie Lanterns who steer seamen onto the rocks and ghosts called Ashi di Pompy, spirits that live in the ashes of burned houses, not to mention clay Mayan statues that steal back to their mounds in the jungles if you have the temerity to take one home. And there is an equally bizarre national treasure called Jackie Vasquez, a 47-year-old mixed-breed hunting guide and jungle genius and father of 22 or 43 children, depending on who is telling the story. "Jackie's been up for murder three times, and his white horse has come through the walls and saved him each time," a taxi driver says with awe. "He's in league with the devil, but he's a good fellow all the same. You must meet him. But—don't look into his eyes or he will steal your soul."

The Spanish discoverers of Central America were terrified by the forbidding Belizean interior and took little interest in the place. The British were only too glad to take over the sweltering country, rich in mahogany and logwood, in 1862. They sent magistrates and soldiers and engineers, who laid out Belize City's odorous system of sewage disposal ("open drains openly arrived at," as Sidney Joseph Perelman described a similar system). No matter what unkind remarks are made about the British in Belize City these days, it cannot be denied that they brought the city law and ordure.

There are 140,000 citizens of Belize, almost all of them black, brown or *café au lait*, descendants of slaves and Indians, living in places like Baking Pot, Gallon Jug, Orange Walk, Crooked Tree, Monkey River Town, Boom and Double Head Cabbage. Income is low; the average Belizean makes $300 to $400 a year, mostly from primitive forms of agriculture like slash and burn. Morality, by strict puritanical standards, is relaxed, and so are race relations. "We're very slow to criticize our fellow citizens," says Chief Information Officer Rudolph Castillo, "and we almost never curse each other, for a very simple reason: you may be cursing your brother. Or your father. Who knows? You can never be sure."

The Belizeans are especially fond of Americans, whom they hope to embrace more openly (and financially) when the country achieves full independence sometime in the next few years. "Our only remaining ties with Britain are constitutional," a government official explains, almost apologetically, "and the British have always been in the unfortunate position of being our masters and reading us the riot act from time to time." Of all the British colonies, past and present, Belize is the least Britannic to the naked eye. Dress styles are wildly informal, ranging from miniskirts and African robes to the loose white sportshirt usually worn by Premier George Price on his daily trips about the country in a mud-spattered Land Rover. The British custodial officials have long since become accustomed to the sight of local political delegations in open-throated shirts and khaki shorts and sandals. "We just don't have time to dress in the stiff British manner," says a Belizean politician. "There's too much to do. We can't spend our time tying bloody bow ties, can we?"

"Bloody" is one of the few Anglicisms one hears. The national language is not British English, as one might suppose, but a working tongue called Creole, which represents the superimposition of clipped African speech rhythms and expressions of conventional English. "Guddeh!" the Belizean says when he means "Go there." Trucks and buses are named phonetically, as in "Big Birta," and the highest compliment one can pay a woman is to say, "You are only hard," pronounced "you on'y hod," a compliment which has caused several Peace Corpswomen to slap a few puzzled faces.

The natives cherish Creole solecisms that date back hundreds of years and sum up whole philosophies. "It take you educated people three hours to say what we say in a few Creole words," says a Stann Creek fisherman in his peculiarly clipped English. He rattles out an old saying in Creole and then translates: "Same place pelican want go, sea breeze blow 'm," nine words that effectively sum up Kant's arguments for free will and Spinoza's arguments against. The fisherman recites, "When fish come from

continued

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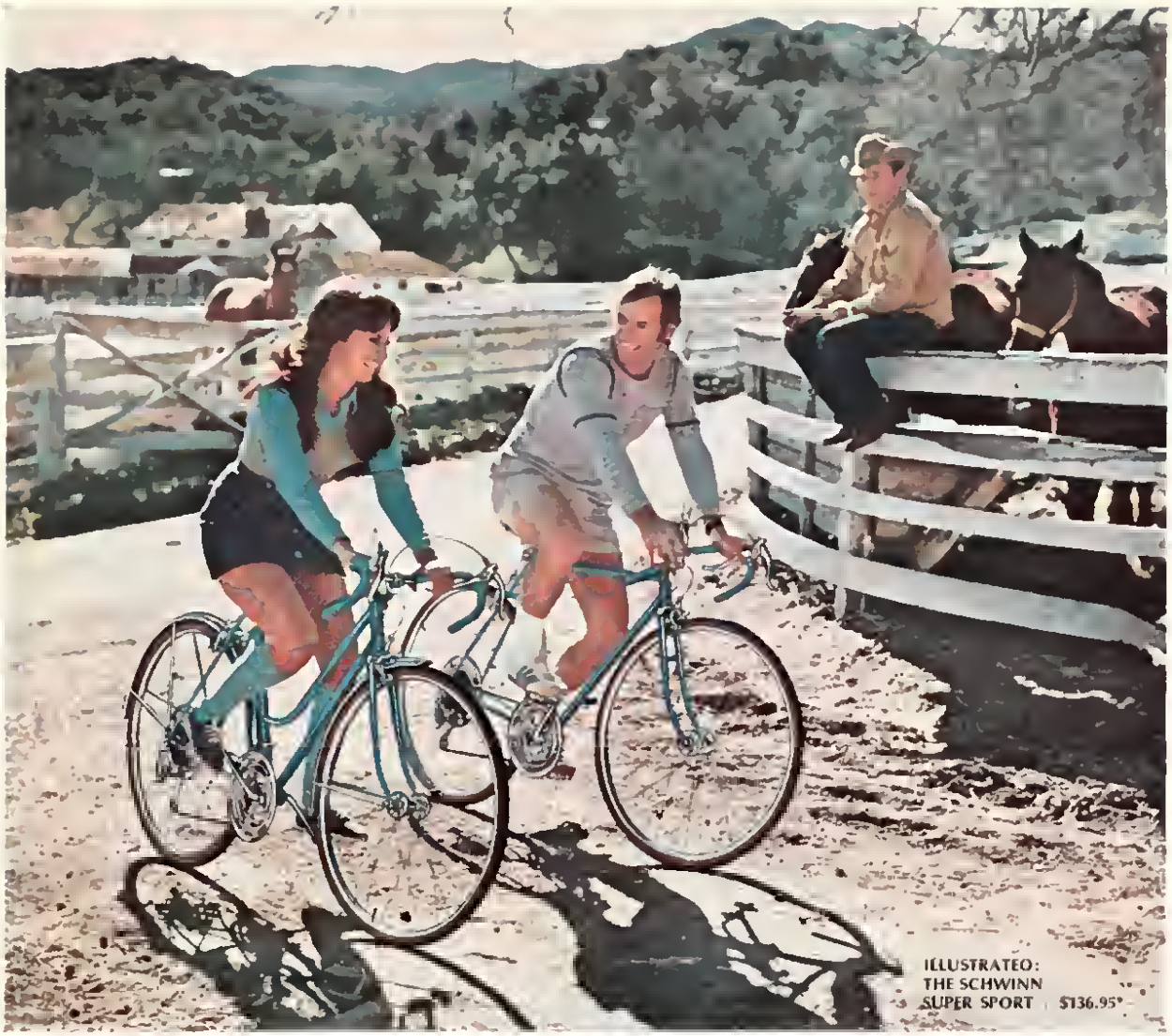
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rivuh buttom and tell you alligatuh got 'm bellyache, you believe 'm!" an allegory on behalf of paying attention to experts. "Well," he says, giving us a final handshake, "as full belly tell empty belly, 'Take heart, brudda!' "

One hesitates to hang the label "carefree" on such people, both because it has become an easy cliché about impoverished populations, and thus a way of ignoring their problems, and also because some Belizeans are anything but carefree. Many are terribly poor, still suffering from the effects of hurricanes that periodically lay the country waste (Hurricane Hattie took 262 lives in 1961), and many are ridden with gastroenteritis, a national scourge that remains long after yellow fever and malaria and smallpox have been wiped out. The typical Belizean lives in a frail stilted shack roofed with galvanized metal or palm fronds and overcrowded with relatives, babies, pets, rats and lizards. But there persists a carefree, easygoing, almost rambunctious attitude toward life in Belize despite the lack of creature comforts.

"Of course we're happy here," says Rudolph Castillo in his own carefree manner. "How can anybody be unhappy in a country where rum is 7¢ a shot?" Lately a locally brewed beer called Belikin has become popular (DRINK BELIKIN! BE BELIZEAN! a sign says) and is even served in a milk shake invented by local chef Felix Nunez, who recites his recipe with relaxed imprecision: "To make de Belikin milk shake for four people, two beer is quite sufficient. No, three beer. No, *four* beer. Yes, four beer. Den you get evaporated milk and condensed milk for to sweeten and a little nutmeg, and den you mix together, and dot's de way Ah makes it. A good drink for children, too. Makes de sick children sleep or be unconscious." Nunez was only too happy to oblige with other local recipes, but I found it difficult to retain my interest in recipes that began, "First buy one fat pig's tail" or "Take a plump curassow."

For those who are too poor to indulge in the inexpensive Belikin beer or rum at 7¢ a shot, there is always home brew, which the local people make from blackberries or from the fruit of the cashew tree or from just about anything that will exude alcohol. There is a traditional drink consisting of alcohol garnished with exactly nine live "wee wees," the energetic umbrella ants of the Central American jungles. The drink is supposed to turn lazy people into working fools just like wee wees, but the claim has not been scientifically validated. There is less and less consumption of the wee wee drink these days now that everyone is looking toward independence and less need for the wee wee's inspiration, and indeed one can spot a disturbing trend toward temperance among the populace. Once Belize City was a carnival of hard-drinking, hard-brawling Caribbean roustabouts and mahogany loggers and thirsty natives who made every Saturday night an insane Mardi Gras. But one day the revelers awoke to find Methodists in their madness, dedicated Wesleyan missionaries who preach the gospel of Christianity and moderation.

Nowadays Belize is much less raucously wild, but this is not to say that the visiting roisterer need go thirsty or lonely on a Saturday night. Women of practically instant virtue can be found (indeed can scarcely be avoided) at the seedy Hotel Continental, where the locals are quick to advise that these painted creatures come from El Salvador, Mexico and "Spanish Honduras," *never* from Belize itself. Liquor supplies are more than adequate at bars like the Bamboo Bay, hangout of the local British garrison, and the Fort George Hotel, the city's only hostelry good enough to be classed second-rate. There are infrequent fights late at night, and on a recent evening in Belize City a cabinetmaker dispatched his competitor with a saw, a homicide which had the town buzzing on our arrival.

Despite such overreactions, Belizeans still have so little major crime that they are titillated by it, unlike urban North Americans who have had to learn to take rape and murder and robbery with their breakfast coffee. A single heinous offense fuels weeks of gossip over Belize City's fading fences and open trenches, and one reads inexplicable items in the *Belize Times*, *e.g.*, "Masvidal's case has been adjourned again. This time for Monday, January 17th. But even then his case will not be heard until the following morning, which is the 18th." No need for a foreigner to try to understand, the *Belize Times* is for the Belizeans, and they already know about Masvidal.

The classic case in the history of Be-

continued



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lizean law enforcement happened many years ago, but it is still the subject of daily discussion. When Nora Parham became disenchanted with her common-law husband, she waited until he was comfortably seated in the outhouse and then jammed the door closed. She sloshed gasoline through the half-moon opening and threw in a match, effectively solving her marital problems once and for all. Rumor has it that Nora Parham was utterly bored by her punishment, it is said that she repeated the Belizean national phrase, "It's no big deal, mon," before striking a resounding blow for Women's Lib by becoming the first (and only) woman ever to be hanged in the colony.

Nor did the case of Ms. Parham deter other embattled housewives, who could not fail to recognize a useful technique for handling husbandly oppression. Soon after the Parham case a woman killed her mate in exactly the same fashion, but the English authorities let her off when it was firmly established that her husband had been an absolute bounder. Then a third woman attempted an outhouse incineration, but in her haste used a bucket of water instead of gasoline, chilling her husband and scaring him half to death. As she was led off to jail she was heard to mutter disconsolately, "One little mistake."

The only other Belizean crime problem of any import involves the *Boledo*, the national lottery, a pastime which has become a public craze like the *Tiercé* in France and football pools in the U.K. Frequent enthusiastic attempts are made to cheat the *Boledo*, to "pass the post," with indifferent success. Years ago the daily number used to come by wireless from Panama, but a local Nicely-Nicely Johnson intercepted the number, quickly got his bets down and cleaned out some local ticket sellers. To combat such practices the government took over the lottery and instituted a public drawing each night, with two numbered balls being selected in front of a noisy crowd. At first a couple of insiders rigged the public drawing by putting two balls on ice during the day and then picking them out by feel. There are frequent other attempts to beat the house odds (the payoff is 73 to 1, but the odds against are 99 to 1, giving the government a comfortable vigorish), and such an attempt was described in a recent *Belize Times*:

"Three lottery books were stolen from the grocery shop of Councillor Adolfo Lizarraga on Sunday morning. The culprit whom Mr. Lizarraga suspected to be have been a woman walked out his shop with the books, and after the winning number in the National Lottery was drawn she sent a little boy to collect 10 out of 15 pieces. Mr. Lizarraga asked the boy to bring his grandmother so that he could discuss her winnings but she failed to appear."

To the trickle of tourists who find their way into Belize, the country's main appeal is most likely to lie in its jungles and rivers and offshore fishing holes, where normal North American descriptive references simply become useless.

continued

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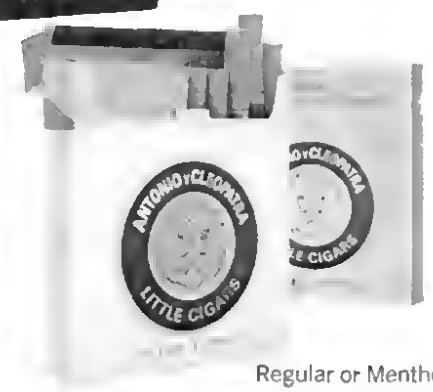
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How is one to describe the panic of an American fisherman who is lazily trolling in a narrow canal when a 500-pound jewfish hits his lure? How is one to describe the flycaster who puts his Mickey Finn streamer squarely between a pair of mangrove fronds and hooks a 95-pound black snapper on a 6X leader? How is one to describe the bird hunter who sits at his stand in the middle of the forest and tries not to breathe as a 700-pound tapir rumbles by followed by several hundred wild hogs, all of them with built-in Wilkinson blades? How is one to describe the hunter who steps on a fer-de-lance?

"American sportsmen are just not prepared for what they find down here," says Fred Keller, an automotive executive who bought a sport fishing business in Belize and swears he will never return to the executive rat race. "I've been here four years, and *I'm* still being surprised three times a day. I'll give you an example: bonefish. They're prize fish for a lot of sportsmen, right? When I lived up North, I always thought that a fisherman who went out and caught one or two bones had had a pretty successful day, something to brag about. Well, down here you'd be thoroughly ashamed of yourself if you only caught a few bones in a day. You'd slink around and keep your mouth shut, and your guide would swear you to secrecy. The bonefishing around here just never quits! I don't know who caught the most in the shortest time, but Tom McNally once took 59 in 6½ hours, and nobody even thought it was anything special. There's a physicist from Union Carbide, Dr. John Frye, who comes down here year after year and fishes for bones 10 hours a day with four-pound-test spinning line, and he thinks nothing of landing 30 or 40 a day. And releasing them, of course. We stress release of *all* fish, tarpon, bonefish, whatever, and as a result our schools of fish never seem to diminish."

The whole shoreline of Belize is protected by the world's second-largest barrier reef, 175 miles long, and by hundreds of little islands or keys, where several hundred species of fish can be taken. The feeding competitions over the reef are so violent that fishing there can be a nerve-rattling experience, as when one gets into a school of blackfin tuna just ahead of the barracuda and sharks. "You'll be drifting along," says the country's most famous fisherman, Philip Andrewin, "and suddenly you'll be in the middle of a pot of boiling water, maybe a quarter of a mile long and 100 yards wide full of feeding blackfins, 10, 15, 20 pounds apiece. You bring in a few, and then all at once you start catching damaged fish, then half-fish, then just bloody heads. I've been told that the blackfin lets out a cry when he's hooked, and this draws the barracuda and the sharks, and sometimes they get so excited they come swimming right next to the boat, and we reach over and gaff them on the fly. American fishermen can't believe their own eyes!"

Occasionally an intrepid visitor will want to climb over the side and wade the reef at low tide, but Andrewin does not recommend the practice. "The big cudas sit out there in the deep water and wait for their prey to show up on the reef," he says. "When you're walking in shallow water, and you lift your foot, there's a flash of white, and the barracuda may mistake this for a small food fish. I know a man whose Achilles' tendon was nipped in two by a barracuda on the reef. That man's a cripple for life."

Hunting in Belize can be no less dangerous and far more chaotic than the fishing. There are serious weather problems. For about four months in late winter and spring, no rain falls at all, and hunting guides nurse stagnant water supplies stored in vats at their camps. If one wants a shower one usually jumps in a canal or a swamp, carefully avoiding the snakes and crocodiles. But for the six months starting in June the rain falls almost constantly, and jeeps can disappear completely in the mud. There are parts of Belize that measure as much as 170 inches of rain per year, almost all of it in the rainy season, and it is not unknown for hunters to spend four or five days perched on high hummocks, eating Cadbury's chocolate bars and waiting for the waters to recede.

None of this fazes the natives, who continue a year-round style of hunting that can only be described as loosey-goosey. "Unfortunately, anything goes," says Mrs. Dora Weyer, an American naturalist who has lived in Belize for six years and who is widely respected for her numerous campaigns on behalf of wildlife. "The Belizeans consider all living things to be fair game, and as a result we're having a terrible time saving the breeding grounds of the ibis, and I think we've lost the roseate spoonbill. The jabiru stork, the largest stork in the Americas, is close to extinction. He has a wingspan of eight feet, and that's a lot of meat for a hungry family. The local people even shoot at the king vulture, the third largest American vulture after the Andean and California condors, and they have been known to shoot at the great white hawk, one of the most beautiful birds of the world."

For a long time Mrs. Weyer was heartsick about the jaguar, which had almost been eliminated in the rest of South and Central America but which remains abundant in Belize and parts of neighboring Guatemala. "The sale of jaguar hides was fierce and the pressure was enormous," the crusading naturalist explains. "As a result it's doubtful if there's even a breeding population of jaguars left in places like Costa Rica and Colombia and Venezuela, where they were once common. The same thing might have happened here, but we're blessed by some very intelligent officials. I'm *so* proud of our little Belize. We've cut down on the export of all wild animal hides, and by 1974 it will be illegal to export a single pelt."

One can only hope that Mrs. Weyer's optimism is well founded. For the moment, game laws in Belize are uniformly ignored. Jacklighting is common, and local hunters extoll the practice openly. "Why, when you turn on that searchlight at night you can see the eyes of everything from margays to jaguars," says one. "It's very effective." Laws against jacklighting are being pushed through, but the enforcement will remain spotty in a country that can barely afford local police, let alone game wardens.

The saving factor for the country's diminishing game population is the wildness and menace of the interior. No tenderfeet need attempt a typical Belizean hunt. Says Charles Payne, who guides in the northern part of the country, "We walk and climb and wade and work, and I mean work! If you hunt with me you don't sit in a Land Rover listening to Radio Belize. You move! Otherwise you better stay in the Fort George Hotel and bathe your skin. I tell every hunter, 'Now, I won't nurse you along! If you don't like it, go home! Get a cheap guide! Get lost!' "

The would-be big-game hunter might also be advised that the jaguar is not a

continued

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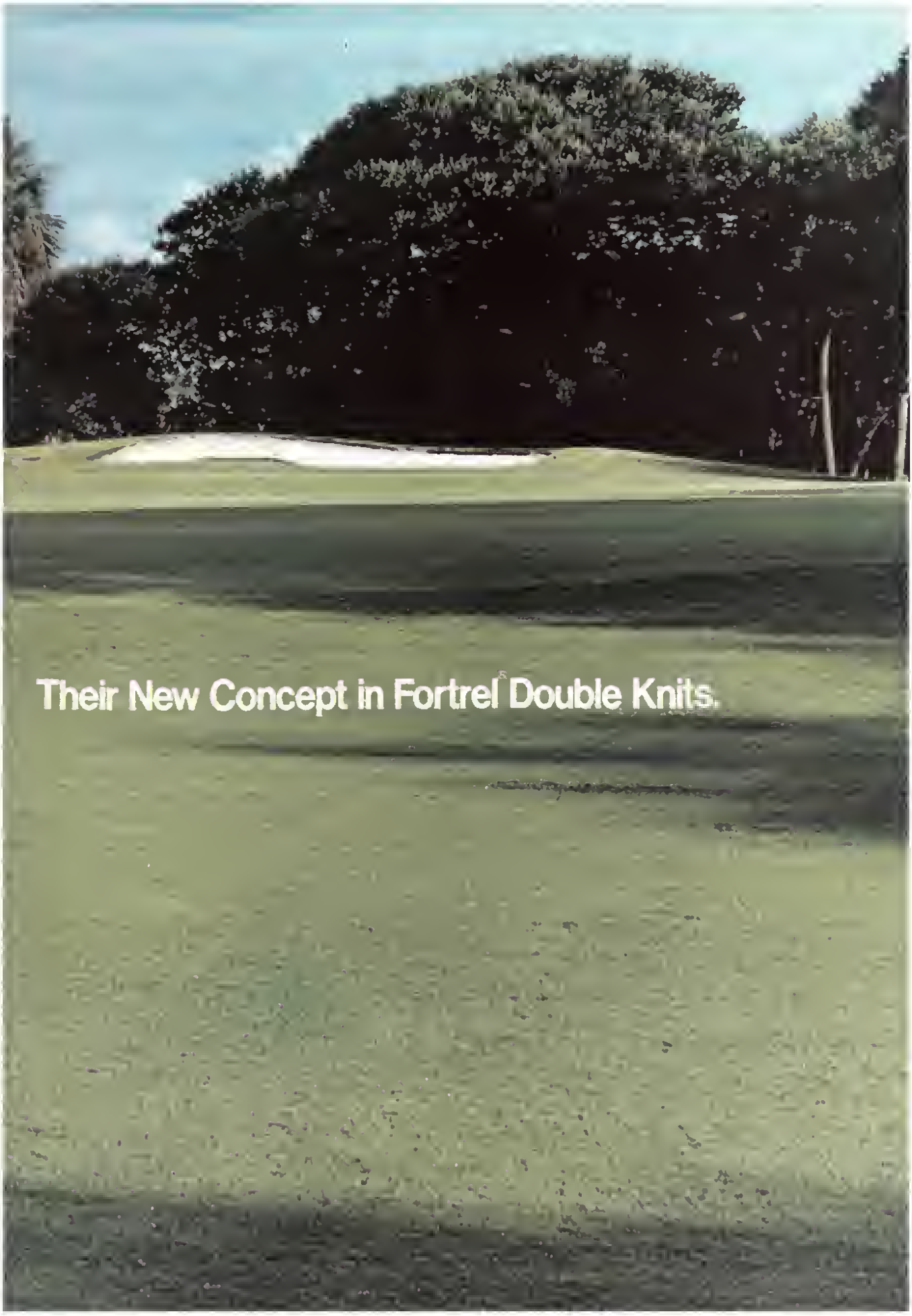
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Muscle Shoals	Lang Sporting Goods
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Fayetteville	Purvis Sporting Goods
Ft Smith	Midwest Hardware & Sporting Goods
Little Rock	Pfeifer-Blass
Little Rock	Star Sporting Goods

COLORADO

Colorado Springs	Dave Cook Sporting Goods
Colorado Springs	Lucas Sporting Goods
Denver	Dave Cook Sporting Goods
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Durango	L Gardenswarts Sporting Goods
Grand Junction	Lows Cook Sporting Goods
Pueblo	Crown Mart, Inc

FLORIDA

Boca Raton	Sal's Sport Shop
Daytona Beach	Dunn Brothers Hardware
Ft Lauderdale	Broward Sport Shops—All Stores
Ft Lauderdale	Grandway
Ft Myers	Maas Brothers, Inc
Gainesville	Timmie Hughes Sporting Goods
Gainesville	Moss Brothers
Hollywood	Champs Sport Shops Inc
Jacksonville	Finklesteins
Lakeland	Maas Brothers Inc
Miami	Grandway
Miami	Websters Sports Center
Orlando	Brand Distributors
Orlando	House of Golf
Pensacola	Biggs Sporting Goods
St Petersburg	Gulfshore Sport Store
St Petersburg	Moss Brothers
St Petersburg	Tallman's Sporting Goods
Sarasota	Maas Brothers Inc
Sarasota	Sand Trap Golf Shop
South Miami	Websters Sports Center
South Venice	Cook's Sportland
Stuart	The Scotch Shoppe
Tampa	The Golf Shop
Tampa	Maas Brothers Inc
Tarpon Springs	Tarpon Sporting Goods
Tequesta	Jennifer G Johns
West Hollywood	Grandway
West Palm Beach	Palm Beach Sport Center

GEORGIA

Albany	Owens, Inc
Athens	Athens Sporting Goods Store Inc
Athens	Bulldog Sporting Goods
Atlanta	Ben Hyman & Company
Atlanta	Golf Discount Centers Inc—All Stores
Atlanta	Reeder & McGaughey Inc
Augusta	Augusta Sporting Goods Co
Augusta	Georgia Sporting Goods Inc
Carrollton	All Sports Center
Chamblee	Bell & Thompson Co Inc
Columbus	Johnson's Sports Center All Stores
Decatur	Reeder & McGaughey Inc
Ft Valley	Valley Equipment & Supply Co
Lilburn	Gwinnett Sports Center
Macon	Charlie Wood Sporting Goods
Savannah	Thompson's Sporting Goods—All Stores
Statesboro	Thompson's Sporting Goods
Waycross	The Sport Shop Inc

IDAHO

Coeur D Alene	Dingles Inc
Idaho Falls	The Outdoorsman
Nampa	Kelly's Sporting Goods

ILLINOIS

Alton	Venture Stores
Arlington Heights	Cunningham Reilly Inc
Arlington Heights	Turnstyle Family Center
Aurora	Hayden's Sport Center
Berwyn	A Z & B Sporting Goods
Bloomington	E Roads Inc
Broadview	Hildebrand Sporting Goods
Calumet City	Arco Sporting Goods
Chicago	B & W Golf Ball Co
Chicago	Goldblatt's Inc All Stores

ILLINOIS (Cont.)

Chicago	Marquette Sports Equipment
Chicago	Herthorn Golf Ball Co
Chicago	Sam Sante Sports Store
Chicago	Supreme Golf Sales, Inc
Chicago	Turnstyle Family Center All Stores
Chicago	Universal Bowling and Golf Corp —All Stores
Countryside	Supreme Golf
Danville	Black & Co., Inc
Decatur	Turnstyle Family Center
Deerfield	Turnstyle Family Center
Elgin	Sportsman's Lodge
Fairview Heights	Venture Stores All Stores
Galesburg	Lee Stein Luggage & Sptg Gds
Glen Ellyn	Glen Ellyn Sports & Ski Shop
Glendale Heights	Turnstyle Family Center
Harvey	Turnstyle Family Center
Hoffman Estates	Omega Sport Shop
Jacksonville	Dan & Gales Sport Shop
Kankakee	Salkeld and Sons, Inc
Lansing	Lansing Sports Shop
Lombard	All Seasons Indoor Golf Course
Matteson	Corvettes
Moline	Sportland
Moline	Turnstyle Family Center
Niles	Sportmart
Normal	Callan's Sport Shop
North Riverside	Corvettes
North Riverside	Majestic Distributors
Oak Park	Cunningham Reilly Inc
Oaklawn	Corvettes
Oaklawn	Marquette Sports Equipment
Park Forest	Sports & Hobbies
Peoria	Brown Supply Company
Peoria	Venture Stores All Stores
Quincy	Meckle Brothers Hardware Co
Quincy	Tappe's Sporting Goods
Rockford	Tom Hamer Athletic Equipment
Schaumburg	Turnstyle Family Center
Skokie	Majestic Distributors
Skokie	The Pro Shop
Skokie	Turnstyle Family Center
Springfield	Myers Brothers
Streamwood	Omega Sport Shop
Summit	Phil's Hardware
Urbana	Bailey & Himes Inc
Westchester	Universal Bowling and Golf Corp
Westmont	Turnstyle Family Center
Wheaton	Wheaton Sport Shop

INDIANA

Carmel	Leer Desmond Sporting Goods
East Chicago	Main Sporting Goods
Evansville	Gus Doerner Sports Inc
Ft Wayne	Main Auto Sport Shop
Ft Wayne	Supreme Golf
Griffith	Blythe's Sport Shop
Indianapolis	W H Block Company
Indianapolis	Deck Brothers
Indianapolis	Em Roe Sporting Goods
Indianapolis	Turnstyle Family Centers All Stores
Jeffersonville	Brendamour's
Kendallville	Diehl's Sporting Goods
Lawrenceburg	Brendamour's
Merrillville	Turnstyle Family Center
Muncie	Brills
South Bend	M Gilbert & Sons Inc
South Bend	Sonnenborn's Sport Shop
Terre Haute	McMillan's Sports Inc
Whiting	Whiting Sport Shop
Winchester	The Sports Center

IOWA

Coralville	All Sports
Davenport	Turnstyle Family Center
Ft Dodge	Kautzky's
Grinnell	Kautzky's
Marshalltown	Hayes Sport Shop
Sioux City	Sportman's Store
Storm Lake	Sportsman's of Storm Lake
Webster City	Tom Moore's Sports Center

KANSAS

Newton	Gray Ward Sporting Goods
Topeka	The Sportsman's Store
Wichita	The Golf Shop
Wichita	Twin Lakes Sporting Goods

KENTUCKY

Bowling Green	Sport Center
Elizabethtown	E Town Sporting Goods
Glasgow	Ehard's Sport Shop
Lexington	Kentucky Sporting Goods
Louisville	Brendamour's
Louisville	Davis & Sons
Louisville	Hildenbrand Sporting Goods
Louisville	Metro Bowling Service
Louisville	Roy's Sporting Goods
Louisville	S E Davis Company
Mayfield	Hunt's Athletic Goods
Radcliffe	Bonnell's Athletic Goods
Shelbyville	Stallion's Grocery
Winchester	Brills

LOUISIANA

Baton Rouge	All American Sporting Goods
Gretna	Al Dodd Inc
Houma	Boergeois Sporting Goods
Monroe	H Mickel Sports
New Orleans	Security Sporting Goods
Shreveport	Haibuck Sporting Goods

MICHIGAN

Adrian	The Maumee Co
Ann Arbor	Rinks Bargain City

MICHIGAN (Cont.)

Ann Arbor	Sysm & Goetz Sporting Goods
Bay City	Leo D Goddeyne
Battle Creek	Jack Pearl's Sport Center
Battle Creek	L W Robinson Co
Berkley	Q Master Sports
Birmingham	Griswold Sporting Goods
Coldwater	Dilo & Sons, Inc
Dearborn	Schneider's Sport Shop
Detroit	Griswold Sporting Goods
Detroit	Eastside Sporting Goods
Detroit	J & J Sporting Goods
Detroit	Korvettes
Detroit	Pro Golf Distributors
Detroit	Schneider's Sport Shop
Flint	Imperial Billiards All Stores
Fremont	Morgan Sport Shop
Grand Rapids	Herpolsheimer's
Grand Rapids	MC Sports
Grand Rapids	Turnstyle Family Center
Jackson	L H Field Co
Kalamazoo	Miller & Boerman Sporting Goods
Kalamazoo	Turnstyle Family Center
Lansing	Larry Cushion Sporting Goods
Lansing	J W Knapp Co
Livonia	Griswold Sporting Goods
Monroe	Rinks Bargain City
Mt Clemens	Pro Golf Distributors
Okemos	J W Knapp Co
Pontiac	Griswold Sporting Goods
Port Huron	MacTaggart's
Rochester	Q Master Sports
Roseville	Korvettes
Royal Oak	Pro Golf Distributors
Saginaw	Morley Brothers
Southfield	Sports Fair
South Gate	Korvettes
Traverse City	Wilhelm's
Wyandotte	Wyandotte Sporting Goods
Wyoming	Turnstyle Family Center

MINNESOTA

Duluth	Reirable Co
Hopkins	Eskesh Athletic and Golf
Minneapolis	Lewery Central Bowling Supply
Minneapolis	Stadium Sports Center
Moorhead	Bob Fritz Sporting Goods
St Paul	Steichen's Associated Sales
Worthington	Bob Landgren Sporting Goods

MISSISSIPPI

Hattiesburg	Smokie's Sporting Goods
Jackson	Central Sports Shop

MISSOURI

Clayton	Giesler Jorgen Sporting Goods
Joplin	Varsity School Supply
Kansas City	Bargain City
Kansas City	Macy's All Stores
Kansas City	Supreme Golf
Kansas City	Ventures Stores All Stores
St Louis	Famous Barr Co—All Stores
St Louis	Murphy's Sporting Goods
St Louis	Bob Russell & Sons
St Louis	Venture Stores—All Stores
Springfield	Venture Stores All Stores

MONTANA

Billings	Brown's Sport Center
Bozeman	Universal Athletic Service
Helena	Brown's Sport Center
Missoula	Brown's Sport Center
Missoula	Bob Ward & Son Corp

NEBRASKA

Kearney	Kiene Sporting Goods
North Platte	Young's Sporting Goods
Omaha	Bahnson's

NORTH DAKOTA

Minot	Saunder's Sporting Goods
Fargo	Bob Fritz Sporting Goods

OHIO

Akron	All Ohio Athletic Equipment
Akron	Polsby's
Ashtabula	Savarise & Sons Inc
Bellefontaine	Rinks Bargain City
Bowling Green	Rinks Bargain City
Bridgeport	Hart's Family Center
Cambridge	Rinks Bargain City
Canton	J C Penney Co., Inc
Centerville	J C Penney Co., Inc
Chillicothe	Rinks Bargain City
Cincinnati	Brendamour's All Stores
Cincinnati	Euch Sporting Goods
Cincinnati	Shiklee's All Stores
Cincinnati	Swallen's—All Stores
Cleveland	The Higbee Co All Stores
Cleveland	J C Penney Co., Inc
Cleveland	Olympic Sporting Goods
Cleveland	Sam's Wand of Golf All Stores
Columbus	Agler Davidson—All Stores
Columbus	Hart's Family Center—All Stores
Columbus	Lazarus—All Stores
Dayton	Brendamour's—All Stores
Dayton	Dayton Bowling and Billiard Supply Co
Dayton	Elder Beerman—All Stores
Dayton	Rike's
Dayton	Tuffy Brooks Sporting Goods
Defiance	Rinks Bargain City
Findlay	Rinks Bargain City
Fremont	Fremont Gun & Athletic Supply
Hamilton	Clark Sporting Goods
Hamilton	Elder Beerman
Lancaster	Lancaster Hardware
Lima	B F Repp Company
Lima	Rinks Bargain City

OHIO (Cont.)

Lorain	Kohlmeyer Sporting Goods
Mansfield	J C Penney Co., Inc
Marietta	Hart's Family Center
Marion	Rinks Bargain City
Newark	Hull's
New Philadelphia	Hart's Family Center
Portsmouth	Hart's Family Center
Portsmouth	Marting's
Springfield	Four Seasons Sporting Goods
Springfield	Hart's Family Center
Springfield	Recreation Equipment
Toledo	Dan Rodgers Sptg. Gds.
Toledo	Rinks Bargain City
Van Wert	U S Sporting Goods Co
Westerville	Roush Sporting Goods
Wintersville	Hart's Family Center
Wooster	Pierce Sports Shop
Xenia	Famous Auto Sporting Goods
Youngstown	J C Penney Co., Inc
Youngstown	Pardee's Golf Shop
Zanesville	Glossman Hardware
Zanesville	Hart's Family Center
Zanesville	Rinks Bargain City

OKLAHOMA

Enid	Larry Black Sporting Goods
Lawton	R & S Sporting Goods
McAlester	Diamond Hardware & Sporting Goods
Norman	The Sports Center
Oklahoma City	Beck's Sporting Goods
Oklahoma City	Danlap Sporting Goods
Oklahoma City	Miller's
Shawnee	Baptist Hardware & Sporting Goods
Tulsa	Buch's Sporting Goods
Tulsa	The Sportsman
Weatherford	All Sports Center

SOUTH DAKOTA

Rapid City	Du Ell Sporting Goods

TENNESSEE

Chattanooga	Martin Thompson Co
Columbia	Jones-Lang Sporting Goods
Dyersburg	Al Ryland's Freestone Store
Elizabeth	Brumit Sport Shop
Greeneville	Doughty Stevens Co
Jackson	Johnsey's Sporting Goods
Johnson City	Brills
Knoxville	Athletic House
Murfreesboro	Agee Sporting Goods
Nashville	Nashville Sporting Goods

TEXAS

Abilene	The MacKey Co
Amarillo	Bucks Sporting Goods
Amarillo	Vance Hall Sporting Goods
Athens	J M Sporting Goods
Austin	Dan Mulvey Sporting Goods
Austin	Davis Hardware Company
Austin	Dillards Sporting Goods
Austin	Everett Hardware Company
Austin	Joskes Stores
Austin	Richard Sporting Goods
Austin	Roesler Andrews Sporting Goods
Austin	University Co op
Bay City	Dunn Brothers
Bryan	Brills
Corpus Christi	Dillards Sporting Goods
Corpus Christi	Sportsman Center
Dallas	Cullum & Boren
	4 locations Fort Worth—Austin
Dallas	Sterling Jewelry & Dist Co
El Campo	The Sports Center
El Paso	Del Norte Sporting Goods
Ft Worth	Beyelle Sporting Goods
Ft Worth	Bill Weaver Sporting Goods
Ft Worth	Ft Worth Billiard Supply
Ft Worth	Guynn's Sporting Goods
Ft Worth	tim Bridges Sporting Goods
Ft Worth	Leonards 4 locations
Galveston	Haschkus Sports Center
Harlingen	The Sportsman
Houston	Dshmans
Killeen	Young's Sporting Goods
Laredo	A Sines Hardware Company
Levelland	Bill Clark Sporting Goods
Lubbock	B G B Sporting Goods
Lubbock	Sport Center
Midland	Stadrum Sports Center
Odessa	D G L Sports Center
Pampa	Pampa Hardware Company
San Angelo	C & H Sports
San Antonio	Dillards Sporting Goods
San Antonio	Joskes Stores
San Antonio	Patchernick's Inc
Tyler	Massey & Brown Sporting Goods
Waco	B & B Sporting Goods
Wichita Falls	Brotherton & White Sptg Goods

WISCONSIN

Appleton	Berggrens Sport Shop
Green Bay	Denis Sport Shop
Greenfield	Sagreme Golf
La Crosse	Elverland Sports & Trophy
Madison	Wes Zully Sports Dist
Milwaukee	Burghardt & Sons Sporting Goods
Milwaukee	House of Rubber—Sports Div
Milwaukee	Thon Sporting Goods
Oshkosh	Spanbauer Sport Shop
Racine	Mike's Sport Shop
Racine	Turnstyle Family Center
Rhinelander	Mel's Trading Post
Shawano	K & G Sport Shop
Wausau	Lakewood Sporting Goods
Wausau	Shepherd & Schaller

ONTARIO, CANADA

Toronto	Robert Simpson Company, Ltd.

big docile pussycat like the Rocky Mountain puma, which more often seems to bear no malice toward the world. Dora Weyer tells of a Belizean guide who began his season with 20 expensive hounds and lost half on his first hunt. A jaguar that does not tree (and larger specimens seldom do) will lurk behind a rock and pick off the dogs one by one, killing them with tooth and claw in a matter of seconds, or circle around and approach the strung-out dogs from the rear, dropping them silently. Jaguars are much less dangerous to humans, but the sight of a newly caged specimen can be frightening. Philip Andrewin remembers, "A man had live-trapped a jaguar, and he brought it into town to show the schoolchildren. Every time a child got within 10 feet of the cage, that cat would throw himself at the steel bars, till finally he'd torn all the fur off his front body and his muzzle was bleeding and red, like raw meat, and his claws were ripped off, and *still* he was coming. They finally had to throw a canopy over the box to quiet him down."

For a few years that Belizean officialdom would rather forget, certain jaguar guides in Belize engaged in a shoddy campaign against the noble cats. "Great white hunters" from the U.S. were enticed into "guaranteed jaguar hunts" for fees ranging up to $3,000, and more often than not they wound up shooting tame jaguars without even knowing it. "It was a vicious circle," says a member of the Belize Audubon Society. "First, the Belizeans would export baby jaguars to the United States, where they'd be sold as pets for up to $500. Well, you take your pet jaguar home and by the time he's four months old you're beginning to wonder about your judgment, and by the time he's eight months old you know you made a dreadful error. So you look for a way out, and you find that the zoos won't take him because the zoos are full of them. But lo and behold, the same kindly pet shop owner takes the grown animal off your hands for $150, and your problem's solved. Then he turns around and sells the pet jaguar to a hunting guide in Belize who takes it out and releases it just ahead of a great white hunter and a pack of dogs. Surprise, surprise, the hunter gets his jaguar, and then he can go back to the States and tell everybody how brave he is."

"I don't care *whom* you've talked to or *what* they've told you," the government official said. "You won't know a bloody thing about Belizean hunting till you've talked to Jackie Vasquez. In this part of the world, Jackie Vasquez is *the* hunter."

"That's not all he is," I said. "I've been to his dilapidated old shack about 14 times this week, and each time I've been told he'll be right back, but I can't seem to catch him. I've had three taxi drivers on his trail, and they can't find him either. I seriously doubt that he exists. I think you've made him up."

"Oh, ho, ho, my dear chap," the official said, his cheeks jiggling with laughter. "You'll find out he's no spook. He'll turn up, just you wait and see. And when you least expect him." Exactly.

On our last night in Belize City my wife and I sat up late, pouring alcohol on the festering bites of sand flies to pass the time. Around midnight the phone rang. "This is Jackie Vasquez," a reedy voice said. "I've come to talk to you."

I dressed and dashed down to the deserted lobby and found a dough-faced middle-aged man of about 5½ feet, a beautiful black nymphet at his side. "I'm Jackie Vasquez," he said, shaking my hand. He didn't introduce the girl. Instead he said, "Look at her. Isn't she nice? She's a sweet little baby. Just 16, she is. She stays in my house."

As we were repairing to an upstairs hallway for our talk I remembered some of the tales I had heard about the nondescript-looking Vasquez. Mrs. Fred Keller had told me, "When we first came here, I was going to hunt with him, and all the Belizeans who work at our lodge became hysterical. They told me, 'Don't go, Mrs. Keller! Don't go! That man will steal your soul.' One of the girls told me that if I went hunting with Jackie Vasquez I'd never be seen again."

Philip Andrewin had told me, "They say a lot of weird things about him, and some of it is folklore, but for sure he's not your typical person. Once you look at him you'll realize right now this is a superhuman being. He's different! Some claim he's the devil himself."

Rudolph Castillo, a calm, intelligible,

continued





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reasonable man, had become no less excitable on the subject. "That Jackie's a wild one!" Castillo had said. "He talks to jaguars. He calls them right out of the bush. He does the same with crocodiles! He's been up for murder three times. He has a family, 43 kids, scattered all over. No, he's never been married. He's our swinging bachelor type. He's also a snake man. He's been bitten by rattlesnakes, fer-de-lance, coral snakes, all our poisonous snakes, and he just shrugs it off."

Vasquez and I took seats in a darkened hall, and it was too late at night to play with words. "Well," I said, "what about it? Are you in league with the devil? Do you talk to jaguars? Do you have 43 kids?"

The guide laughed. "I have 22 kids, I think," he said, "but I only have to take care of the little ones. No, I'm not in league with any devils, but I do call jaguars. I have a gourd with a deerskin top on it and a horsehair stretched tight. I pull up and down on the horsehair and it vibrates the skin, and it makes the same sound that a jaguar makes when he's out calling other jaguars at night—sort of a panting, quick noise, like an owl out of breath, ooh! ooh! ooh! It scares hunters when they hear me do it."

"Do the cats ever come close?"

"Not long ago I called a jaguar for a doctor from Beaumont, Texas, and that bugger came 25 yards away. The doctor shot and missed, so we went farther into the bush and I called another one, this time a big male, and he walked up so close that the doctor was too scared to pull the trigger. So the jaguar ran away and I called him back again, and you could feel the vibrations from his answering calls, real quick and anxious, getting faster till he was almost on top of us, and he was going ooh-ooh-ooh all together, in quick bursts. One of my men shot him for the doc."

"It must be frightening," I said.

"To the hunters, yes," Vasquez said, "but not to me. Not after 30 years of doing it. One night I called a cat for a guy, and the cat got closer and closer, answering me, and then pretty soon we heard the same sound from the *opposite* direction. There were jaguars coming at us from both sides! The man dropped his gun and ran to my Land Rover and drove off and left me there. Never saw him again. Another time I called a jaguar in too close, and he jumped at me, and I fell flat, and the cat went right over my head. I could smell his breath. Thank God he kept going. So did I."

"I hear you're a snake man," I said, "and you have magic powers."

"You hear a lot of things," Vasquez said in that same reedy voice. "I use certain medicines, herbs, to keep the blood from clotting after a bite, and I have a suction tube that connects to my manifold and sucks poison from the wound, but that's not snake magic, that's just common sense. The things I do, they only appear to be magic. I can tell you all kinds of things about the jungle and the forest, but it's not magic."

"Then what is it?" I asked.

"It's simple intelligence and lots of practice and knowing how to put things together. Suppose you and I go deep into the jungle and we can't even see the sun and we have no compass. Well, we just look at the vines! The first turn on a vine will always be east, because a vine is a sun-searching plant, and the first turn is always in the morning direction of the sun.

"If there are no vines we look at the pines. The trade winds have leaned them to the southwest. Or if you have no pine trees and no vines, then you check the spiders. All spider webs in the jungle go in the same direction because the spiders don't want the silhouette of their webs to be seen, or else they'll never catch a fly. So you plot the direction of one web when you start hunting, and the rest of the day you can tell direction by the others. Is that magic? No, it's just common sense."

I changed the subject sharply, perhaps too sharply, as it developed. "What's this about your being charged with murder three times and a white horse rescuing you?" I asked.

Jackie Vasquez waved his hand airily, as though this was beneath discussion, and turned to his companion. "Would you like a Guinness, baby?" he said.

"Well, what I don't understand is how you got a nationwide reputation as a spook," I blurted out with my usual tactfulness. "People say you steal souls."

"Look at me!" he said, his reedy voice lifting sharply. "Am I stealing your soul? What *is* a soul anyway? This is ignorance, these stories about me."

"Everybody says you have magic powers over people."

"Well, it's true that I'm always trying to develop my willpower and my mind, and I honestly do believe that I can control the average man by looking at him, studying him, by using my willpower to combat his. But it's not magic. I look very intently at people, not to steal their souls but just to practice my willpower. And another thing I do that confuses people—I walk down the road and close my eyes and try to keep them closed till I get where I'm going. Now the average person can't do this—he lacks willpower, and he's afraid he'll bump into something, so he quickly opens his eyes. But I keep mine closed for blocks and blocks, and I never fall. But this isn't magic, either. This is practice, self-control, willpower."

By now it was two a.m., and I was more than satisfied that I had not run into Beelzebub incarnate but simply a man with a high I.Q. and overdeveloped personal skills, a man who inevitably would be misunderstood in a country where phantoms and *duendes* continue to obsess the mind. We said goodnight, and as he walked ahead of his lovely young companion I could see that he kept his eyes shut down the flight of stairs and out into the night. Just before he faded into the shadows he turned and looked back inside and opened his eyes, and I could swear he winked. I wonder what he meant by that?

The next morning we waited in the customs and emigration line at the Belize City airport. "Good morning, sar," said our old friend the customs inspector. "How did you like our unspoiled country?"

"It has many wonders," I said.

"Tell me," he said, "do you think your countrymen would like it here?"

I thought back on a vermilion flycatcher I'd seen flashing through the unpolluted sky like a spark from a fire, and a slinky jaguarundi crossing the road in her party furs to get to the other side. I remembered beer milk shakes and 7¢ rum and the final mystery of Jackie Vasquez and the bare-breasted *Iloronas* that beckon from the mangroves. The inspector was waiting for an honest answer, so I gave him one.

"With a little bit of luck," I said, "my countrymen'll stay the hell home." The man just stood there grinning. I think he understood. **END**



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TASTE ME TASTE ME

FUNNY, I HAVEN'T HEARD THE COMPUTER SING SINCE THE OFFICE PARTY!

NO, THAT'S MY DORAL— THE LOW "TAR" AND NICOTINE CIGARETTE.

TASTE ME

LOW "TAR" AND NICOTINE AND IT SINGS ABOUT TASTE? BUT THE COMPUTER SAID...

TRY ONE.

DORAL

GREAT TASTE. THE COMPUTER WAS WRONG!

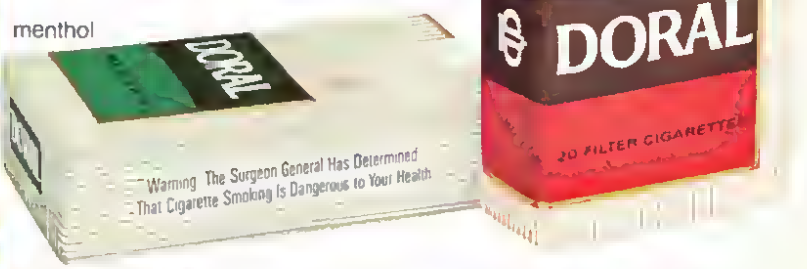
ANOTHER MESSAGE. IT SAYS: "SORRY... I'M ONLY HUMAN!"

TASTE ME

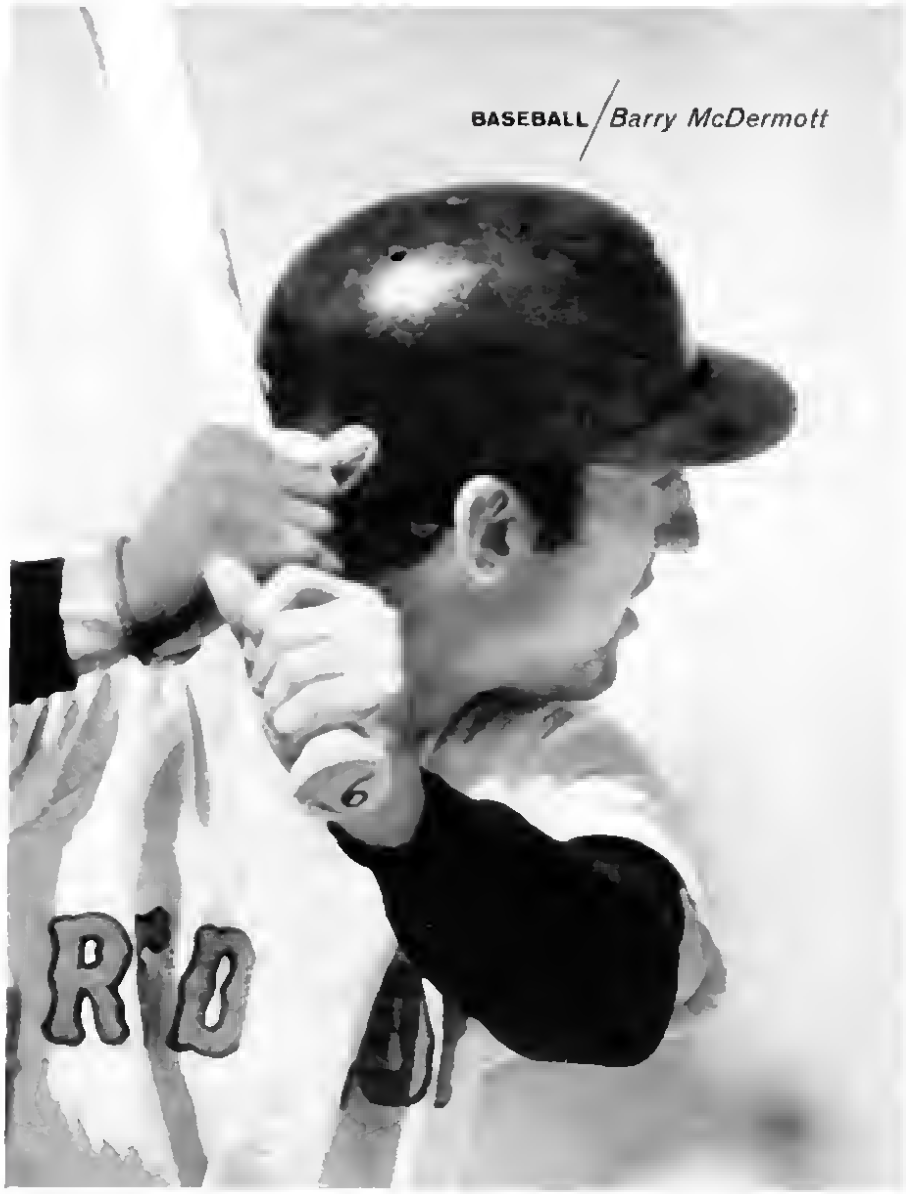
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A slow spring start no longer worries Rico Petrocelli, who is only anxious to begin chasing a pennant he feels that Boston can win

Petrocelli pulls up his Sox

The mild Florida evening had all the ingredients of a pleasurable one for Rico Petrocelli. He was surrounded by his wife Elsie and four fidgety children, and his mother and father and his brother and sister-in-law and their kids, and television was showing *West Side Story* that night. Being a New York boy, Rico felt he was watching a part of his childhood, played to music. He had already seen the film six times. What did it matter that he was mired in his usual spring training slump, with only a few hits sticking up like cacti in a batting desert, or that he had struck out twice earlier that day? This was the new Rico Petrocelli of the new Boston Red Sox. Let the rookies worry.

Baseball appears to be a simple enough game, but for too many years it was a frustrating one for Petrocelli, a moody, sensitive Italiano off the concrete base paths of Brooklyn. He could never enjoy true contentment between the sport's painted lines, defeated as he was in his search for a manager who would regard him as a son and teammates who would treat him as a brother. Petrocelli served his family first and then his sport, drawing strength from the closeness of the home only to have it dissipated by the fragmented personalities and harsh realities of the game. His priorities are the same now, but his stature allows him the luxury and relief of occasionally leaving worries in his locker, along with his glove.

"Ever since I been playing I never hit in the spring," said Petrocelli, turning away from the television set. "I usually start off slow. But as bad as things are going for me personally, I'd rather start the season tomorrow."

So, apparently, would all the Red Sox. Overshadowed in recent years by the American League's power children, the Baltimore Orioles, Boston is throwing away the old formula and trying something new. The 1972 team brings speed and defense to the aid of its remaining sluggers. "You won't see many of those high-scoring games anymore," says Outfielder Reggie Smith, one of the few belters still in a Boston uniform, the others being Carl Yastrzemski and Petrocelli himself.

"People say, 'How come the Red Sox don't win?'" Petrocelli continued. "Baltimore is how come. They have a lot of talent. They have depth. But their biggest asset is their defense. They have eight great defensive ballplayers out there, guys making the diving plays, the plays you usually don't get. And they've made them the last three years."

Since the pennant of 1967, the first for the Red Sox since 1946, team togetherness has been a sometime thing. It was the flare-ups of last season, aligning George Scott, Billy Conigliaro and Petrocelli against the Red Sox Establishment—Yastrzemski and Manager Eddie Kasko—that eventually reshaped the team. Scott and Conigliaro were sent to Milwaukee and Boston got some speed in Centerfielder Tommy Harper. The 10-player deal also opened up a couple of

continued

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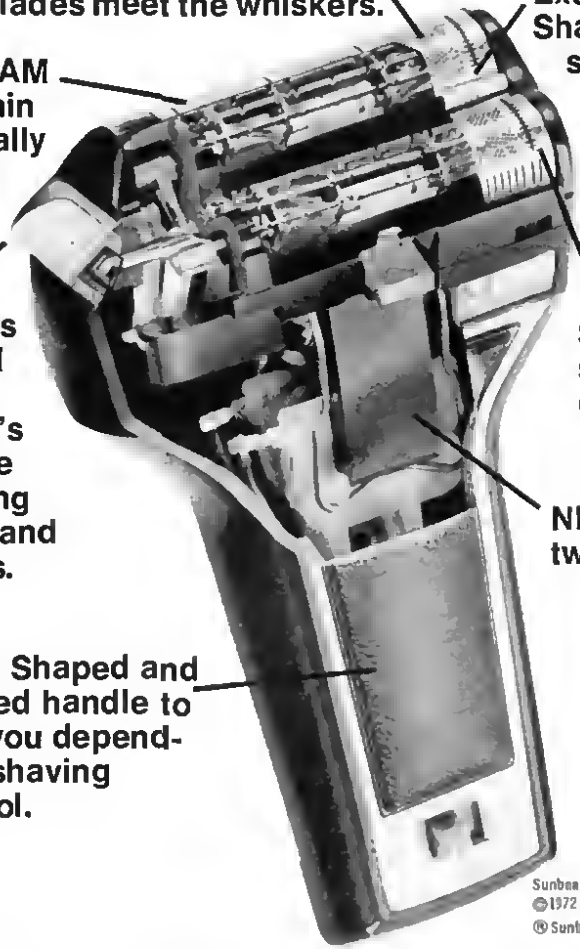


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spots on the roster, and Kasko expects to fill them from a well of swifties in the club's minor league system. Harper stole 73 bases in 1969. The youngsters, First Baseman Cecil Cooper, Shortstop Juan Beniquez and Outfielders Rick Miller and Ben Oglivie, all can run and are being given a good look by Kasko.

True, there will be no place to run unless someone like Petrocelli can advance them. In 1969 Rico set an American League record for shortstops with 40 home runs, then tailed off slightly to 29 in 1970 and 28 last year as a third baseman. Seeking an antidote, Petrocelli cut down on the off-season lasagna and came to camp 15 pounds lighter. "When I'm hitting good," he said, "I'm swinging quick. I don't have the brute strength of some of the hitters who are just strong. By losing the weight I thought I might be able to be quicker with the bat. I can move a lot better and my hands feel just as strong. I'm working hard. I could hardly lift the bat today, because I took so much batting practice yesterday."

Which is cause for applause in Boston, considering Rico's past emotional torment. He was so twitchy last season after he had criticized Kasko for a lack of communication that he thought of putting his house up for sale in anticipation of being traded. But Owner Tom Yawkey called him in for a meeting and smoothed things over.

"I think a lot of people believe Yaz has something over all the managers," said Petrocelli, reflecting on the team's dissension after charges that Yastrzemski and not Kasko ran the club. "It's true that Yaz is friendly with Yawkey, but he doesn't control managers. Yaz is a great ballplayer and any great ballplayer is going to be friendly with the owner."

Like Yaz, Rico is a transplanted New Yorker, born 28 years ago in the Coney Island section of Brooklyn to Italian immigrants, Attilio and Louise Petrocelli, the youngest of seven children. Attilio scraped out a living in Manhattan's garment district, grinding scissors. As the baby of the family, Rico got plenty of affection at home, if not on the streets. "Outside of breaking windows when he used to play ball, I never had a complaint," said his mother. "He had all the older brothers to pamper him and to spoil him a little. If he wanted money he would go from one to the other. I don't know how many baseball gloves or footballs he had. We used to live across the street from the school and he used to just forget about them and leave them there. So the next day one of his brothers would go and buy him another."

Mrs. Petrocelli still beams at the memory of 3-year-old Rico being paraded around the neighborhood, wearing a New York Yankee uniform. "He always liked to play ball," she said, "even in an empty lot, kicking cans or picking up anything he could throw."

The elder Petrocelli came to America as a teen-ager and first worked in a foundry for 73¢ per 12-hour day. He recognized early that Rico's sporting exploits conferred special stature in his neighborhood. If baseball made the people respect you, then play baseball, was Attilio's reasoning. He wears Rico's 1967 World Series ring, respectfully.

Although Louise Petrocelli hoped that Rico would become a priest, it was obvious as he grew up that he had something more outdoors in mind. After he finished high school, the Red Sox invited him to Fenway Park for a three-day tryout. There he hit seven or eight pitches into the left-field screen, and the Red Sox offered him a bonus eventually worth $60,000. Older brother Davey said O.K., and Rico signed. "Davey's been following and helping me since I was in sandlot ball," said Petrocelli. "Every time I've gone into a real slump, Davey has always showed up at the house to encourage me. 'Don't worry about it,' he'd say. 'You're going to hit.' "

When the Red Sox play in New York Rico stays with his mother and father, and at the slightest provocation the entire 40-member clan gathers for a celebration. But rarely, it is safe to say, to lift a few glasses of Chianti to an ex-manager. Petrocelli was fined $1,000 and temporarily suspended for jumping the Seattle club in 1964 when he refused to play because, he said, he had a sore groin muscle. In Boston, Billy Herman fined him $1,000 in 1966 because of another walkout, this one taking place in the eighth inning of a game. Petrocelli went home to his sick wife. When Herman was fired, he said Petrocelli had contributed to his departure. "I think Billy wanted to fine me $2,000, but I wasn't making enough," said Petrocelli, who was drawing $10,000. "He was mad. Obviously, he didn't like me. I guess not many of them do. I just get that feeling. I don't know why. I'm a pretty quiet guy. Player relationships with managers are something you sense. I realize that a manager has a lot of things on his mind. Players on other clubs have talked to me, and they know when something's wrong with the relationship.

"I've never complained about a manager saying something to me. The only time I've complained about managers is like when they don't talk to you for three weeks. And that's not being a baby. That's the thing that a player hates most about managers."

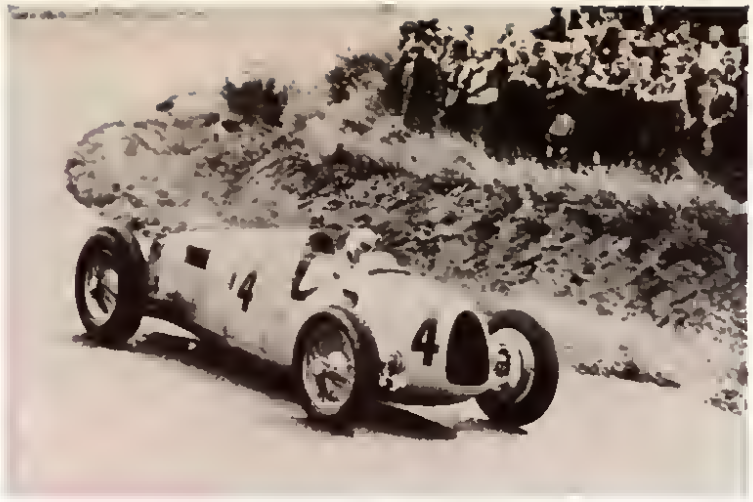
Says Eddie Kasko: "Rico's a high-strung boy and takes things to heart. I don't think he's as tough-skinned as a lot of players."

Kasko's personality is the opposite of Petrocelli's. As a player he needed little encouragement, only a chance. "I knew my ability was limited and I did anything I could to stay in the big leagues," he says. "I think the game has changed in that more players today expect answers to questions. They don't take everything the manager says as gospel the way they did years ago."

Baseball, a team game, is no more team oriented than golf in one of its aspects. No one blocks for the hitter or sets a screen for him. It is the batter against the pitcher, a lonesome duel—and if you are not hitting and especially if you have an idea the manager doesn't much like you, life can be miserable. "I feel at one time that I really had the world on my shoulders," Petrocelli says. "The responsibilities on me, with my personality, were tremendous. Somebody else might have been able to handle it easier. I always wanted to be like Mickey Mantle or Ted Williams or the other stars. But if I didn't get a hit it was a disaster. Finally one day I realized that I had a certain ability. From that day on I relaxed. Now I can handle it much better. I've matured.

"My wife has been great. When I was first married I would come back from a game and just stare at the TV; just staring through it, thinking about baseball. Now I come back and play with the kids and just relax."

So begins the most hopeful season of Petrocelli's career. The kids don't want to leave because Florida has a lot of lizards and they spend their days trying to catch them. But Rico is in a hurry to get started. "When you're a contender," he says, "second place just isn't good enough." **END**



You don't win 18 Grand Prix without learning a thing or two.

On July 15, 1934, an incredible thing happened in racing. A Mercedes-Benz didn't win the Grand Prix. For that matter, neither did an Alfa Romeo or a Maserati.

It was an Auto Union car (that was Audi's corporate name back then), designed by Dr. Ferdinand Porsche and driven by Hans Stuck that thundered past the checkered flag first.

Five weeks later, we took the Swiss Grand Prix. And then the Czech Grand Prix. In fact, we chalked up a grand total of 18 Grand Prix. Plus 16 Hill Climbs. And even the coveted Vanderbilt Cup, held at Roosevelt Raceway, New York, where the great Bernd Rosemeyer and his sixteen-cylinder monster charged home to victory, with Rudi Caracciola's Mercedes and Rex Mays' Alfa trailing far behind.



We raced for glory and prestige and that "gut feeling" only drivers can put into words.

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Power for the people

U.S. Ping-Pong people, that is, who suddenly are realizing that their conquest of China has had a stimulating side effect at home

Time was in this country when tournament-bound table tennis players stowed their rackets deep in their luggage, the way grown men might hide away their hot-water bottles. But that was before the sport's nifty caper in Peking. Now paddle addicts not only hand-carry their bats, they flaunt them. And so, at New York's Long Island air terminals a few days ago, as the players arrived for the U.S. Championships, flocks of low-flying bats were conspicuous. Ostensibly, they were being waved in long-distance greetings or practice-stroked through the air. Actually, the players were saying, "Look here, world! Remember us? Our sport did it!"

They came from 33 states, 725 of them, a record for a nationals, paying their own expenses plus entry fees. It mattered little that few of them would take away titles. What mattered was being *in* it—in *the* sport. It was a case of pure Ping-Pong pride. Even a general sprucing up had taken place, on the gym floor of Hempstead's Hofstra University, the playing site, sneakers were shades whiter than in former years, and chic little alligators crouched on many new shirts. After all, who could tell when one might be whisked off for duty in the diplomatic service, for even with China solved there still remains the Suez Canal.

Indeed, the whole atmosphere of the sport has changed, and now all things seem possible. A year ago, for example, with the top prize for a rich tournament about $100, not even the game's zealots could have conjured up so wild a notion as a $7,500 affair. Yet in December, at Redondo Beach, Calif., not only did that surprising event take place, it was so successful that the tournament chairman, Steve Shoemaker—previously unknown in table tennis circles but now as beloved as Mao Tse-tung—has announced the second Redondo Beach Western Classic (even the name thrills the players) for November with prize money boosted to $10,000. Two other events are being planned for the summer, potential sponsors are beginning to compete for choice dates, and a tournament circuit on which a champ might thrive no longer seems a pipe dream.

Another surprise has been the shift in attitude of the equipment manufacturers, who, though they were the only people making money out of the sport, were about as interested in it as hens are in omelets. Now, joyously startled by a 30% jump in sales and an even steeper rise in the demand for more sophisticated equipment—sponge bats for $14 apiece, and three-star Halex balls, the kind used in world championships—they are finally forming a manufacturers' association to keep the table tennis juggernaut in motion.

Thus, with Ping-Pong paradise almost in view, it was hardly surprising that the Hofstra nationals drew a record turnout of competitors. Many were new players, some of whom unashamedly wore shirts adorned on the back with crossed paddles—one paddle containing a red star, the other stars and stripes—and over them the words PING-PONG POWER. But oldtimers had been drawn back to the game, too, among them Laszlo Bellak, 61, three-time world singles finalist. Before beating Sandor Glancz, 62, another world star of the '30s, in the finals of the Senior-Esquire event, Laszlo said to him, "Fight, Sandor. I hear first prize in this event is an oxygen tent."

By finals day the play had become so stressful that both men's singles semifinals were marred by alleged hanky-panky. In his match with Jack Howard, Peter Pradit, a frail but powerful 23-year-old Thailander now living in Florida, asked, after losing a series of points, if he could examine the ball. "When his thumb got finished testing it," Howard said later, "the ball was a crushed eggshell." Nonetheless, Howard, 37, seeded 13th, stayed blazing hot with his backhand counterdrive and upset the second-seeded Pradit, 3–1. In the other semifinals John Tannehill, 19, who like Howard had been on the U.S. team that toured China, protested to the umpire that defending champion Dal-Joon Lee, Korean-born but now a U.S. citizen, had used two successive illegal serves, both of which scored crucial points. Protest denied; Lee also advanced to the finals 3–1.

Before the championship match, the crowd got a chance to see Ping-Pong diplomacy in action when, with minimum ceremony, six members from the Chinese Mission to the U.N. filed into the gym. Introduced, they stood and faced the crowd, smiling, some in gray Mao jackets, and acknowledged the prolonged applause by applauding back. All the while, they maintained that special air of jovial dignity that, in a friendly environment, distinguishes the Chinese. They seemed to enjoy the matches, ad-

continued



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mitted that they, personally, played the game "a bit" and commented approvingly that "your standard of play seems higher than it was last year."

It was too bad the Chinese guests, and the fans, too, did not see a better men's final, but Jack Howard could not produce the same fireworks that had shot him through the semis. Dal-Joon Lee had something to do with that, for though he cannot match the explosive attack of the sport's Chinese masters, he handcuffed Howard with some fine spin serves and a wicked looping forehand. Howard took his 3-0 trimming well. "I'm only sorry," he said, a forlorn and thwarted missionary, "that I could not give the crowd a better match."

Nothing could have pleased the watchers more, though, than Wendy Hicks' win in the women's final. She was due for something nice to happen. In the 1971 nationals she lost in the finals 26-24 in the fifth and deciding game, the kind of wound that has shaken many a forehand and backhand for life. Then last April in Japan, as a member of the U.S. team, she was included in the invitation to visit China. Perhaps not appreciating, at 18, the magnitude of the trip, she chose instead to keep a date with a girl friend in Honolulu. A bright-eyed, 100-pound wisp, Wendy still enjoys maintaining that given the same circumstances she might make the same choice again. "After all, I had made an *appointment*. And we did have a ball in Hawaii."

Those were two setbacks, but nothing went wrong for Wendy at Hofstra, where she beat Canada's Violetta Nesukaitis 3-0 in the finals. With a dozen roses in her arms, a $500 check in her pocket, a gleaming trophy left in the hands of an official and her first U.S. singles title on the record, she paced the floor and repeatedly gasped out one word: "Finally, finally, finally. . . ."

Wendy will get her chance to play the Chinese after all. A prestigious team led by Chuang Tse-tung, three-time world singles champion and perhaps the sport's alltime best player, will begin a two-week U.S. visit on April 10. "We hope we can learn something about table tennis from them," Graham B. Steenhoven, president of the USTTA, said after the matches at Hofstra, "and perhaps we can show them a bit of America and its people in return." Ah yes, diplomacy everywhere. END



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When they tried to storm the mountain

It was actually a Ridge, but the Derby brigades were repulsed and sent scattering. Dug in at the top is a big gun named Riva, whose target is the Triple Crown, which no horse has won for a quarter of a century

As the Triple Crown pretenders were sorting themselves out on both coasts—and while some waited to start in *any* kind of a race at New York's strikebound Aqueduct—the king of the crop, Riva Ridge, won his first 3-year-old start impressively. Until he is dethroned, and few of his rivals now appear to threaten him, he rules as a strong favorite to take the Kentucky Derby.

A strapping son of First Landing and the Heliopolis mare Iberia, Riva Ridge had won seven of nine races, the last five in a row, before his victory last week in the Hibiscus Stakes at Hialeah, and most of his wins had been in events of national prestige: the Flash, the Futurity, the Champagne, the Pimlico-Laurel Futurity and, finally, the Garden State. He then took a well-earned ($503,263 in the bank) rest.

When Riva Ridge returned to competition last Wednesday, he gave the talented sprinter New Prospect seven pounds, looked him squarely in the blinkers at the eighth pole and then charged by to win easily by more than two lengths. Considering the weights (122 pounds to 115), the distance (seven furlongs, which is New Prospect's specialty) and a competitive layoff dating back to Nov. 13, it was a royal performance.

There were Hialeah horsemen who believed New Prospect might well win the Hibiscus: certainly he had a fighting chance, for on opening day the swift Never Bend colt had broken the track record for seven furlongs in 1:21^{2}/$_{5}$. But Lucien Laurin, Riva Ridge's dapper trainer, never contemplated defeat. An hour before the Hibiscus, Laurin said of his classic colt, "He can be no better. I have no excuses." And moments after Riva had crossed the finish line, having been timed in 1:22^{4}/$_{5}$ on a dull racing strip, Laurin added, "It was just about the way I thought it would be!"

For the 60-year-old Laurin, who began training in 1943 after many seasons as a jockey in the U.S. and Canada, the Kentucky Derby has been a career goal. He failed to get even part of the Churchill Downs purse with Reginald Webster's Amberoid, who afterward won the 1966 Belmont Stakes. Then in 1969, though his best Derby prospect (Drone) had broken down in Florida, Laurin brought on a colt named Dike to finish a close third, just behind that famous dueling pair Majestic Prince and Arts and Letters.

In the weeks prior to Riva's season debut, Laurin was winning Florida stakes with a couple of other 3-year-olds in his barn, Spanish Riddle and Upper Case, and that no doubt added to his optimism about the racing year ahead. "If anyone has a shot at the classics, Riva Ridge and I certainly should," Laurin declared. "The most important thing is to be careful and start off with a sound horse. My colt is that."

Laurin has plotted Riva's schedule to the classics with great care, but he may

continued



RIVA WAS EASILY BEST, THOUGH TAKING THE WORST IN WEIGHT AND DISTANCE

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not follow the plan rigidly. He talks of starting Mrs. Penny Tweedy's colt two or three times, certainly no more than four, before the Kentucky Derby on May 6. Though the Everglades at Hialeah was just days away, Laurin continued last weekend to vacillate about entering the horse in that stake. "It would be good for him," Laurin said, "but we might have to give away too much weight to suit me. [The Everglades is an allowance event in which Riva Ridge would carry 122 pounds and some of his opponents as little as 112.] I'm inclined now to think of just two more races before the Derby. If we skip the Everglades, we'd run at Keeneland in the Forerunner on April 21 and in the Blue Grass on April 27. But if we do start in the Everglades, we'd go right into the Blue Grass and then on to Churchill Downs."

If their colt makes it successfully along the trail that Laurin and Penny Tweedy are hacking out for him—a trail that ends in the winner's circle at Belmont Park on June 10—he would become the first Triple Crown winner in a quarter of a century and one of a select group of horses to have retained championship form through two seasons. "What many people don't realize," says Trainer John Jacobs, who may have a Derby starter in Nelson Bunker Hunt's Great Bear Lake, "is that just because a colt is good at two, he may not still be good at three. Horses don't always come back the way you want them to."

Laurin is well aware of this. Before the Hibiscus he had made a careful study of one of last season's better 2-year-olds, Paul Mellon's Key to the Mint, who had been third to Riva Ridge in the Garden State and had finished the 1971 season with a victory in the Remsen. At Hialeah in January and February, Key to the Mint seemed to bloom. Laurin was acutely conscious of the colt's progress, for he was trained by Elliott Burch, who has developed numerous classic horses. Laurin watched Key to the Mint taking his daily workouts and soon was telling reporters, "I got news for you: the only horse I think I have to beat this spring is Key to the Mint."

What followed was an example of the frustration that is part of horse racing. Key to the Mint ran a dull fourth in the Bahamas, in which New Prospect was setting his track record, and in his next race, just a week before the Hibiscus, he suffered an injury so serious as to force Burch to admit, "Now it isn't a question of his making the Kentucky Derby, it's a question of his making it back at all. It was a freak accident that happened when the colt broke badly from the gate. He bruised the hip area above the stifle. It doesn't involve torn tendons, but the injury will be slow to heal; the bruise must be dissipated as a clot would be in a human being."

And while Key to the Mint was hurting in Miami, in the Far West another of the better Derby prospects, MacArthur Park, was being sidelined by a recurring hoof injury. This Saturday's Santa Anita Derby should be easy pickings for Royal Owl. With his sheer speed he should dazzle and discourage even such gritty competitors as Solar Salute and Quack.

With or without Riva Ridge, the Everglades, over a mile and an eighth, may significantly winnow the field for the Derby. The talents—whatever they may be—of colts such as Hold Your Peace, Freetex, No Le Hace, Second Bar, Spanish Riddle, Tentam, Ladiga, Native Admiral and Bee Bee Bee will be on display in the weeks ahead in Florida, Arkansas, Kentucky and New York, too, now that a 17-day strike of mutuel clerks has ended. All will be seeking the chance to face—and overthrow—Riva Ridge.

But wait a minute. Riva Ridge is not the colt's right name at all, it seems. During World War II, John B. Tweedy, Penny's husband, served in Italy with the 10th Mountain Division and he took the colt's name from that campaign. When Andrew D. Hastings Jr., the division's archivist, read of Riva Ridge's exploits last fall, he felt he should write the colt's owner and set the record straight. The ridge captured by the 10th Mountain on Feb. 19, 1945 was not Riva, as John Tweedy thought. According to Hastings, Riva Ridge was the name of the battle objective given to the entire crest line that tied together several summits overlooking the resort villages of Lizzano and Vidiciattico. "It is properly known on Italian maps by the two most prominent peaks involved," Hastings wrote. "Thus Serrasiccia-Campiano Ridge (hardly a fit name for a great race horse!)."

Even on a julep-wet Derby Day, "Come on Serrasiccia-Campiano" might be too tough to swallow. **END**



So who's waiting for Lefty now?

UCLA, maybe. The Maryland coach finally made it in the NIT and . . .

There they were, in Madison Square Garden, competing in what one New York columnist called the National Insignificant Tournament. It wasn't really the place for them, the Terrapins of Maryland, the team that had hoped to become the UCLA of the East but could not beat North Carolina in the Atlantic Coast Conference playoffs. Nor for the Terps' star, 6′ 11″ Tom McMillen, who was supposed to become sophomore of the year but was quickly forgotten when people got a look at UCLA's Bill Walton. Yet Maryland had gone to the NIT with pleasure, determined to repair its pride by winning a national championship, *any* national championship. You could mumble that "Invitation" part when you told your grandchildren.

The trip north was especially important to Maryland Coach Lefty Driesell, who while at Davidson had been frustrated time after time in postseason tournaments. Driesell wore his lucky green suit for every game, and McMillen and his classmate, 6′ 9″ Len Elmore, played so well that they at least equaled one Bill Walton as the Terps beat St. Joseph's, Syracuse and Jacksonville. Then, in the nationally televised final last Saturday afternoon, Maryland went over Niagara in a barrel of laughs, 100–69, allowing never-bashful Lefty to proclaim, "We must be the No. 2 team in the nation right now!"

The NIT had some other entertaining visitors, most notably Oral Roberts U., which upset Memphis State by 20 points in the first round, then lost to St. John's by 16 in the quarterfinals, ending its win streak at 22. The Titans' game plan consisted of 35-foot howitzer shots by Guard Richie Fuqua, followed by practically free passage to the hoop for the opposition so they could get the ball back and shoot again.

"We'll gladly give up 120 if we can get 140," said Coach Ken Trickey.

ORU brought along its president, evangelist Oral Roberts, who always prays for both teams but puts in a little extra oomph for his own boys. When St. John's powerful forward, Mel Davis, was hurt, Roberts went into the locker room, put his hand on Davis' injured knee and said a prayer. Davis went to the hospital and stayed, but the thought had been a kind one.

Every tournament should have a surprise team and the NIT's this year was Niagara, which had distinguished itself earlier in the season by running up 16- and 17-point leads on St. John's and South Carolina only to lose each game.

Niagara, with no starter tall enough to reach the top shelf of a linen closet, thoroughly enjoyed its role: the poor unknown who was going to be on national TV for the first time, just a bunch of scrappy kids from the neighborhood. No McMillens. No Elmores.

"They're out of our class," said Coach Frank Layden. "We don't go after that rich stuff. We're just a little Catholic school. I met a guy coming up in the elevator and he said that until today he thought Niagara was a starch."

Still, the Purple Eagles did have two good guards, Marshall Wingate and Al Williams, and they had won two Christmas tournaments on their way to an 18-8 record. Two of their losses came after the NIT bid had caused a letdown. They started off beautifully in the tournament, erasing Texas-El Paso by 19 points, then using their new, tough zone defense to help stymie Princeton, whose ace, Brian Taylor, had two subpar games. Next they barely beat St. John's 69–67 on Williams' clutch free throws that might have meant nothing had Davis played.

Maryland's highest hurdle to the final was Jacksonville, whose 7′ sophomore center, David Brent, was the first draft pick of the ABA's Memphis Pros. Brent was considered too frail to handle the bull-sized Elmore, so he was assigned to McMillen, who took him outside and scored easily on long jump shots. Brent is by no means ready for the pros, but the Dolphins expect to lose him to the pros anyway (just as Princeton may lose Taylor). Jacksonville's Harold Fox played the best of any guard in the NIT, but he alone could not make up for the 48 points and 26 rebounds collected by Elmore and McMillen. Maryland won by 13 points.

In the final, Niagara managed to make things interesting for a while, even zipping ahead by seven points in the early going, but Maryland tightened its defense, pulled even and moved out by seven at the half. Niagara, fighting to win rather than just hold the score down, began to gamble more and more on its press and the Terps beat it continually for easy shots, many by Jim O'Brien.

Driesell was asked later why he had left his starters in until near the end.

"Man, I ain't ever won a national championship," he said. "I wasn't going to take any chances."

Elmore, a New York export, finished with 16 points, 15 rebounds and 11 blocked shots and broke the school single-season rebounding record, yet he was not named the NIT's Most Valuable Player. That honor went to McMillen, who had 19 points and 10 rebounds and broke the school single-season scoring record set 18 years ago by Gene Shue. But he got some boos along with his MVP trophy.

Reporters crowded around Driesell afterward in hopes of hearing him say something outrageous—like maybe calling UCLA the Maryland of the West. Instead he went into his po'-boy-from-Virginia routine, the mouthful-of-grits one that fools people into believing he learned English by listening to the old *Lum and Abner* radio show. There is only one senior on his squad and he has another all-universe freshman team coming up, so everyone wanted him to issue a warning for UCLA to look out in 1973. But Driesell was not about to put his foot in there with the grits.

"I just work hard and do my joh," he drawled. "The good Lord has been good to me and I have some good kids. I don't have no expectations."

Nevertheless, hope bubbled to the surface right away. Asked if he was going to watch UCLA-Florida State on TV later in the afternoon, McMillen said he thought he would, whereupon Driesell told him: "Get a scouting report for next season." END

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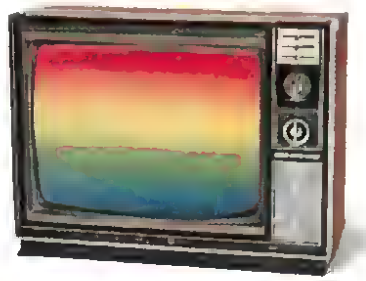
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Private Journey through the



Blue Snow

It is a painful marathon, this massive race into the forests of Sweden, but the miracles of blueberry soup and the spirit of man somehow can produce 7,000 victors

by William Johnson

CONTINUED

It is early Sunday morning. It is going to be a fine day for surrealists. The snowy flats along the Dalaven River in central Sweden are eerie today, the glum color of cooled lead. There is a thick white mist about. It obscures the rolling black forest above the river. It obscures the narrow brown road leading to the village of Saleo. It obscures rectangles of pale light that glow from timber cottages strewn about the hills. Seeing this Swedish winter land through this mist is like looking at a stark, black and white woodcut through gauze: there is more to be imagined than there is to see.

One can wonder if the frozen black roots of the pines guard the graves of medieval Danes. One can wonder if the topmost branches of the forest, invisible above the fog, may be thronged with brooding flocks of albino eagles. One also might wonder if perhaps beyond the dark and the haze on the road to Salen there are trolls hitchhiking.

But no, the gloom and the mist of this morning conceal stranger things. For in the bleak beauties of the Dalarna region of Sweden, this Sunday in March is known as *Vasaloppet Päs Òndag*—the Sunday of the Vasaloppet And the Vasaloppet is one of the most bizarre, most foolish, most excruciating, most exalted human events of our time.

At its simplest denominator, the Vasaloppet is merely a painfully long cross-country ski race, run for 49 years now over a narrow trail that has been delicately peeled like a thin strip of apple skin from the black forest pines between the aocient village of Sälen on the Dalaven River and the ancient village of Mora on the shores of Lake Siljan. The Vasaloppet is a mighty race, named for Sweden's first King Gustav of the house of Vasa, and it runs a mighty distance—8.5 Swedish miles which equals 85.8 kilometers which equals 53.5 miles in American measurements. It also attracts a mighty crowd of competitors. More than 8,000 men enter the race.

This makes the Vasaloppet a larger participant event than the Olympic Games. Unlike the Olympics, however, by far the greatest number of men in the Vasaloppet are eoormously ordinary mortals. They are butchers and salesmen and bellhops, and welders from the Volvo factory in Stockholm. Many are from the Dalarna region and they work in the knife factory, the bathroom accessories factory or the ladder and TV antenna factory in Mora.

Except for an elite hundred men of world-class caliber, the thousands who enter the Vasaloppet each March are the stuff of which commercial bowling leagues and office football pools and volunteer fire departments are made. On the blue Monday following this *Vasaloppet Päs Ondag*, they will pick up dear, deoted lunch buckets and drive off in a car pool to put hubcaps on Volvos or spray chromium on water-faucet handles. Indeed, it is said that a great many—perhaps 2,000—of the men who will gather this dank Sunday on the flats of the Dalaven River are there only because they played the fool on New Year's Eve, drinking so much aquavit that they eventually blundered into making a wager that they would, that they certainly could and *should*, by God, ruo the Vasa race this year.

Sadder but wiser, and bundled now against the chill dawn, some come to make this agonizing trek to save a few Swedish kronor bet in the flush of drink. Some do the race simply to prove they are in good enough condition to do the race Some come merely to halt for an instaot the treadmill routine of the Swedish workingman in winter. Some come to make a stubborn pilgrimage, a private journey through cold and fatigue to show that a man is more than spraying chromium on water faucets

As the sky lightens and the mist rises, it is obvious that this March day is a remarkably fioe day for surrealists.

Out of the haze on the road to Sälen, come—not trolls, not gnomes—but two men wearing paper bags, large white paper bags that cover them from neck to ankles. Their arms are free to carry their skis. They look like two huge soda crackers in their paper bags, but they do not seem to care. They are conversing soberly in Swedish, their voices raised slightly to carry over the crackling of their paper bags. They stroll out onto the snowy river flats and stand there casually as if they were wearing fine woolen coats instead of white paper bags. They have taken their place in a small teardrop of meo which oow suddenly begins to flow like a large stain over the gray snow as more skiers arrive.

The road is streaming with men carryiog skis as the day grows lighter. Most of them are really ragged They look like refugees from one of Goya's paintiogs of desperate crowds fleeing from war. Here is a mao wearing a toro, yellow rubber raincoat, buttonless, its sleeves too short by one-third the length of his arm, a plaid bathrobe belt about his waist. Here are three fellows swag-

PHOTOGRAPHS BY GRAHAM FINLAYSON



gering along abreast, each wearing a full-length gray greatcoat with tarnished silver epaulets, wide military lapels and brown leather belts cinching warlike waists. Each coat seems more tattered and stained than the next; the belts are scratched and soft. The shortest of the three men wears the longest coat; it is dragging on the ground. The lining droops in ragged grace out of the tail of another. Scarecrow soldiers lining up for a forced march, they carry their skis and their ski poles as if they were spears, their eyes fixed like heroes' eyes on the river flats where the great race will start.

Thousands are moving on the road now. Their faces are noble, their clothing laughable. Here is a fellow in what appears to be a bloodstained, full-length butcher's coat. Here is one in a molting sheepskin worn inside out. Here is one in a horse blanket and one in a bedspread and one in what seems to be the seat covers taken from inside an old car. Here are two more rattling along in ankle-length paper bags. What has become of Sweden?

At last someone explains that this disreputable dress is a Vasaloppet tradition: old clothes are worn to keep warm in the chill morning darkness. Just before the starting time, all the tatters and bags are discarded and—lo!—the racers stand fresh and resplendent in light and colorful windjackets, bright breeches and gaudy knee socks. The entire field of the Vasaloppet is transformed from a swamp of beggars into a sea of princes before one's eyes. The point of wearing rags is that many of the clothes discarded at the start will never be returned to their owners. Much of the gear will be collected and sorted, then shipped to war refugees in Asia.

The puddle of men on the snows of the starting area is spreading far and wide. Among the masses there are posts marked with numbers indicating where each cootestant should be. There have been 8,594 numbers issued for this Vasaloppet. Each racer wears a bib with his number on it. Each bib also is imprinted with large black letters spelling the bold message—EKSTROMS BLÅBÄR! This is not a fierce old Scandinavian war cry. It is an advertisement for a com-

continued



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BLUE SNOW *continued*

mercial powder manufactured by Ekstroms, a food-products firm; when the powder is mixed with hot water it makes *blåbär* (blueberry soup). In return for the blueberry soup-bibs-billboards, Ekstroms donated 40,000 Swedish kronor ($8,450), plus all the blueberry-soup mix the Vasaloppet could consume. Which is a lot of blueberry soup—about 500 gallons.

If many a Vasaloppet runner is born in aquavit on New Year's Eve, he is then baptized in blueberry soup on *Vasaloppet Pås Öndag*. The black forests between Sälen and Mora are not filled with albino eagles or gnomes' troves. Instead, the morning gloom conceals vast stores of blueberry soup cached in the trees at strategic points along the trail. Caldrons of sweet, blue stew are boiling throughout the forest this morning, and there is more on the way. At one point, the crowds of contestants on the road raise a threatening grumble as a huge, canvas-covered truck forces its way through them. The canvas is flapping, the driver is cursing and chains gripping the great square tanks on its trailer rattle angrily. But the irritated crowd is soothed as soon as it identifies the great truck. "It is carrying the blueberry soup!" cries one man.

"Of course it is," says another, and he throws a salute at the thick rear tires as they roll past him and splash water on his feet.

Blueberry soup is waiting ahead for the racers at half a dozen cold oases called *kontrolls*. These are bustling stations set up to dispense nourishment and encouragement to the weary skiers as they assault the Vasaloppet. Long wooden tables are lined up beneath the pines on each side of the trail and they are set with steaming pots of blueberry soup and lemon water and *havre valling*, a thin, gray gruel. Behind the tables, stamping their feet in the cold, are dozens of ruddy-faced residents of villages and cottages along the track; mostly they are the aged and the female, for most of the younger men are in the race. They are bundled and booted against the cold. They must stand in the snow for seven or eight hours, pouring dippers of blue soup or gray gruel into paper cups and handing them to desperate skiers charging out of the woods. They are the Good Samaritans of the Vasaloppet and as they wait for the race to start many kilometers away they chat happily and contentedly stir their pots of soup. They look cherubic, beatific—how can one better spend a Sabbath than serving the needs of fellow men?

Now it is 7:30 a.m. and the 49th Vasaloppet is to start in precisely 15 minutes. The flats are carpeted with humanity, a broad mosaic ocean on a field of white. There is a strange, muffled hum in the air like a 100-acre swarm of bees trapped in a 40-acre blanket: it is the sound of 8,000 men nervously asking each other exactly what time it is. There is a thin line of skiers in front of the mass; among this elite group are Sweden's finest plus world-class racers from other countries, including four members of the Russian Olympic team. Behind the elite there is a second echelon of perhaps 1,000 very good skiers, Swedish provincial and association champions and such. Then comes another wave of about 1,500 men who have finished well in Vasaloppets past. Then there are those who bring up the rear.

As crushed together as a rush-hour crowd on a subway platform, they mill about anxiously, praying that their ski tips will not be snapped off in the first unruly charge of the mob, gazing worriedly at the wall of men's backs ahead in hope of seeing some open avenue to start, muttering idle threats at men who look to be either too aggressive or too slow—these are the 5,000-odd ne'er-do-wells at the rear. They are the essence of the Vasaloppet.

They are called the Blueberries. They are called this with affection and warmth, because the word *blåbär* has come to mean novice or tenderfoot as well as blueberry soup. The Blueberries have no hope of winning the race. Because of the cramped, sardine-can condition of their start, they will not even reach the first turn—about one mile away—until perhaps three-quarters of an hour after the forward echelon of elite has rushed around it and fled deep into the woods. But for the Blueberries, winning the Vasaloppet is beside the point. To ski it is the thing, and merely to finish the race is the victory.

The reasons for this are neither complex nor particularly profound. The Blueberries ski the Vasaloppet because there are more than eight million Swedes and three million of them work in factories—*with* machines and *for* machines. The Blueberries ski the Vasaloppet because Swedes have more TV sets, more flush toilets, more electrified homes per capita than any nation in Europe. They ski it because Sweden has more cars per capita than any major country in Europe. The Blueberries ski the Vasaloppet because Swedes are more mechanized, socialized, industrialized, *organized* than most anyone else on earth.

Every time a Blueberry drives himself over the full, agonizing 53.3 miles of the course and lurches across the finish line in Mora it is a new declaration of independence from the machinery of Sweden. No mere Volvo factory can possess a man who has done the Vasaloppet, and that is the reason the Blueberries are there.

Now it is within six or seven minutes of the starting time. The Blueberries are growing restive. So are the elite. For some time the air above the assembled thousands has been filled with flying bundles and arching packages. The racers are discarding their old clothes, stuffing them in plastic bags and tossing them forward over the heads of men in the front, who pick them up and throw them further to the front. At last the tattered garb arrives at the first rank and the bundles are piled neatly, there to await post-race retrieval and perhaps eventual transportation to Asia.

continued

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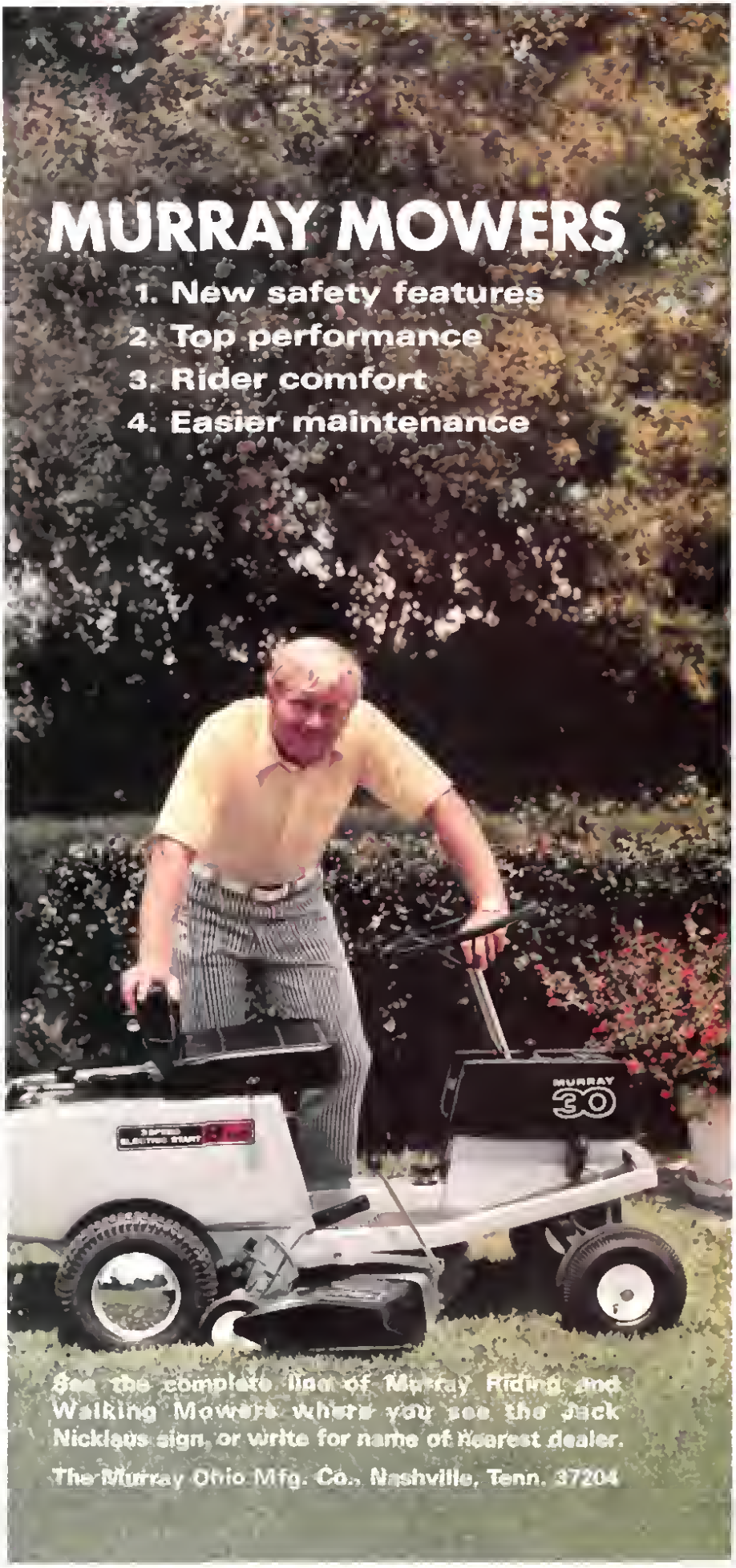
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BLUE SNOW *continued*

A crowd of several thousand spectators has gathered on the grouod above the flats. They are gazing at their watches. "Three minutes," someone shouts. There is a pause. "Two minutes," someone shouts. There is a pause again—then without warning a grand, hair-raising sound wells up from within the mass of racers below. It is a chilling, exciting, yet oddly gentle sound. It is like a stiff west wind rustling the leaves of birch trees and the rush of free running water in an unstemmed creek and the flapping of 10,000 seagulls' wings. It is an unforgettable, immense sound. It is made by the woodeo skis of 8,000 men gliding smoothly, relentlessly, over the field of soow.

The 49th Vasaloppet begins simply of its own pent-up momentum, a fioe, fluid force that has lapped and lapped and lapped at its bouodaries until it overlaps and flows out of cootrol. There is no signal—oo cracking cannon shot, no shout. And the mass is suddeoly sweeping along like a graceful, blueberry Rio Grande.

Here aod there a man yodels. But, except for the mighty whisper-roar of the skis, few other sounds reach the spectators.

Deep in that flowing stream, however, men are muttering every Swedish curse ever said. They are elbowiog each other and trippiog over discarded overcoats and stalling in fury agaiost those heaps of plastic clothing bags. Great knots develop in the crowd as a man falls and other men stumble aod stop. Ooe mao falls, becomes dazed, and rises facing the wrong directioo. He canoot get room eoough in the swarm of men rushing at him to turn his long skis arouod and he shouts angrily. He shakes a fist. But no one gives him the few extra feet he needs to swing his skis around on the snow. He is forced to hurriedly crouch and take them off while thousaods charge by. Holding his skis erect, he slowly turns around, bends down and puts the skis on agaio. Now facing the right direction, he begins to race again.

At last the great tide has moved out of the startiog acreage. In its wake there is flotsam of the race—orange peels and trampled coats and a broken ski pole and the tips of several skis snapped off and, yes, half a dozen men—Blueberries, of course. A couple are kneeliog and fid-

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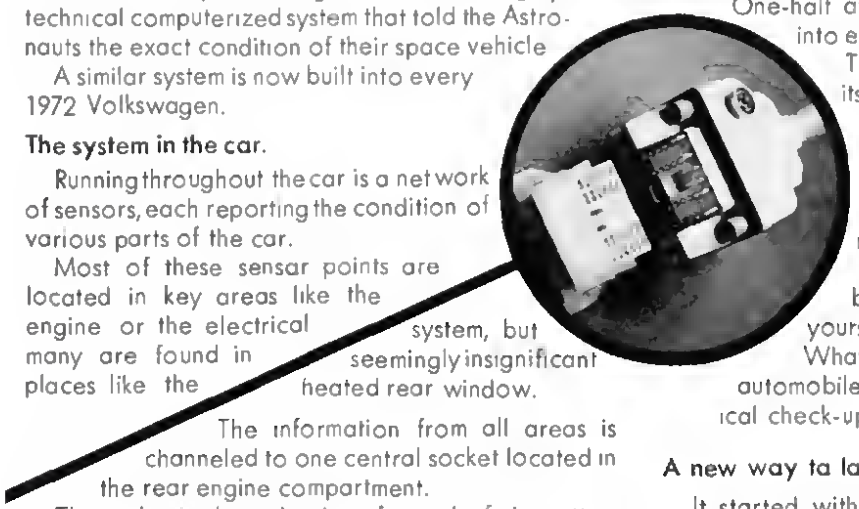
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dling frantically with errant bindings. Two others are simply standing still, stunned perhaps, gazing thoughtfully after the departing stampede they have so narrowly survived. Another fellow is lurching past the crowd with a decidedly gimpy gait. One ski is gliding nicely, but the other is just a splintered stump where the tip was snapped off. The limping man gazes up at the crowd with a look of infinite sadness; there seem to be tears in his eyes.

And the mass of racers continues on without him, spilling on and on in their bright knitted caps. They flow on past the wide, white fields of the start, across the road to Salen and up a slope to where the trail narrows. They must squeeze together just before they disappear into the forest.

The Vasaloppet was not always such a massive spectacular. It purports to commemorate a lonely and heroic trek on skis once made by Gustav Vasa, who held the official title of King of Sweden, the Goths and the Wends from 1523 to 1560. As the story goes, in the year 1521 Sweden was invaded by the Danes, and Gustav Vasa, a staunch patriot who had only two years previously escaped their bloody grasp, fled to the Dalarna region of Sweden, there hoping to hide, organize the peasants and launch a revolt against the invaders from the south. The peasants were reluctant to become involved, and Gustav, angered, plunged into the snows outside the village of Mora, determined to ski off to Norway to go into exile. However, Gustav had scarcely left town when the peasants had a change of heart. They chased him through the woods, caught him, knelt down and pledged there in the snowy forest to fight against the Danes with him. They led him triumphantly back to Mora and began a successful rebellion.

Now how does that fit in with an 85-kilometer *loppet* (the race) from Salen to Mora? Well, it really does not. It is doubtful that Vasa ever got as far as 85 kilometers out of town. Besides, he was traveling from Mora toward Salen, not vice versa as the Vasaloppet goes. Beyond that, there have long been reports that Gustav Vasa actually grew up in Denmark where there was less snow, and that while he may have been on snowshoes now and then, he probably never wore a ski in his life. There also are stories (though perhaps slightly less authentic than the story of his ski trek) that Vasa was never able to get more than a few kilometers out of Mora because he kept meeting an impressive assortment of farmers' wives and dairymaids, and that when the peasants finally found him he was not skiing through the woods at all but was deep in a haystack with a pretty girl. There also is a possibility that Vasa never visited the Dalarna region during the winter.

However, this raveled sleeve of history has not deterred Vasaloppet fathers from carrying on for 49 years. Rune Andersson, a former grocery store owner, is general secretary of the Vasaloppet, its only full-time employee. When Mr. Andersson was asked about discrepancies in the ancient version of the Vasa race, he smiled crookedly and said cryptically, "We believe what we must believe, must we not?"

The modern Vasaloppet began in 1922 as a 400th-anniversary memorial to whatever it was you wish to believe that Gustav did in Dalarna. A field of 119 skiers turned up and 117 finished the race. Everyone was from the neighborhood, and it was years before the entry list included many people from other parts of Sweden.

Not until 1959 did the Vasaloppet attract as many as 1,000 contestants, but it has multiplied its entries ever since, reaching a peak of 9,000 in 1970. It is no longer an exclusive Swedish race or even Scandinavian; this year 16 countries were represented and, gradually, the face of the Vasaloppet is changing—it is even growing a bit of a Roman nose.

For the past few years an excited contingent of well over 100 Italians has journeyed to Mora for the Vasaloppet; they are a rollicking, romantic crew and each year they have held a ritual at the feet of a large, green statue of Gustav Vasa that stands near the finish line of the race. This year the Italian crowd staged its traditional preritual parade in front of the Mora Hotell, trooping off with trumpets blaring for a march through town on the way to the statue. A small crowd of curious Swedes assembled to wait for the parade to sweep down the flag-draped avenue that led to the finish-line banners and the statue. Unfortunately, the Italian parade lost its way in the village streets and, rather than striding dramatically to the flag-draped finish, the marchers had to straggle through an opening in the fence behind Vasa's statue. Unfazed, they scrambled up the snowbank below Vasa, unfurled flags and stood at attention for a rather long ceremony during which several flowery-sounding speeches were made in Italian, two songs were rendered in Italian and a wreath was settled at Gustav's green feet (which, incidentally, wear no skis). The small, attentive group of Swedes applauded whenever there was an appropriate lull in the ceremony, but even those who claimed to understand some snippets of Italian admitted afterward that they had no idea what the ceremony had been about.

The light hearts of the Italians are not typical of the Vasaloppet environment. This is a remarkably sober, serious, unsmiling event. There are no large parties before or after it, and certainly the most interesting drink in evidence is blueberry soup.

The night before the Vasaloppet is perhaps one of the more dreadful ordeals suffered by sportsmen. The thousands of entrants are put up in whatever spare space can be found in the sparsely settled hills of Dalarna. They spend the night sprawled together like vast litters of puppies on the floors of private homes, abandoned cottages and classrooms of schools. Dozens of men sleep shoulder to shoulder in a single room, and the roar of snoring and coughing and moaning and cursing in dreams is a terrible thing to endure. All through the night many of these poor fellows are up, hollow-eyed and frowning, prowling about in their long underwear like ghosts of Danes long dead. Some cannot sleep because they see the 53.3 miles of the Vasaloppet stretch ahead of them like a gantlet of fire. Some cannot sleep because they are afraid the weather will change in the night; they rise constantly to gaze out a window and watch for rain. Some cannot sleep because they dare not close their eyes for fear that their best friend will sneak out and secretly change the wax on their skis so they will stand glued to the snow at the start.

All through the night, by flashlight and candlelight and by the light of por-

continued



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table acetylene torch and wooden kitchen match, the learned discussion goes on and on and on—which wax? which wax? which wax? Some will not admit to their own brothers which wax they will use tomorrow, while others willingly hold long and garrulous seminars with any assembly of sleepless souls who will listen. As the midnight mists rise into the trees, they talk on about the theories of waxing: perhaps blue, followed by just a thin, thin coating of *klister*, and perhaps a touch of the red. And always they worry all night long about the weather.

By morning, it is surprising that the Vasaloppet has enough survivors to begin. But, of course, there are thousands. And the weather? What of the weather? Alas, it is quite warm and the snow is *tungt före*: it is very heavy going on this *Vasaloppet Pås Ondag*.

After the turn into the woods above the start the great clump of contestants begins to unravel through the pines. The race settles down to an earnest, foolish repetition of the same driving stride, a stride that does not go as far as one might like on this dank snow. The woods are filled with sweating men, led by a spearhead of the elite. Vasaloppets past have been celebrated for the jokes, the friendships, the bull sessions carried on along the track by men skiing at the same speed. Not today. It is too wet, too slow, too demanding a track for camaraderie.

The first *kontroll* is at the village of Mangsbodarna, 14 miles along the way, and the racers come pouring out of the forest as if being chased by lunatics and wolves. Already, just a quarter of the way along, their faces have taken on strange casts, strange colors. Streaks of white flesh, the dead hue of frostbite, appear within patches of ruddy skin, and their eyes seem sunken. There is rime on their eyelids, rime on their eyebrows. Those with shaggy beards or lush sideburns are carrying dangling icicles that hang like earrings; soon the icicles will grow as big as cut-crystal pieces from a chandelier. Already they seem a race of men outside civilization, somehow closer to a primitive animal form than they were when they began the Vasaloppet. It is impossible to think of them as barbers and lawyers and used-car salesmen

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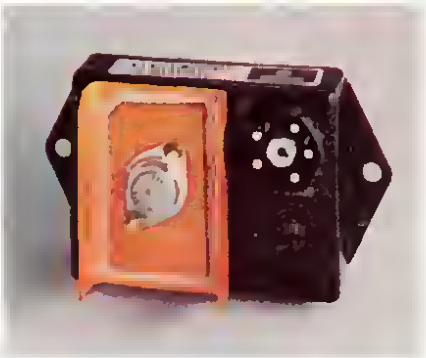


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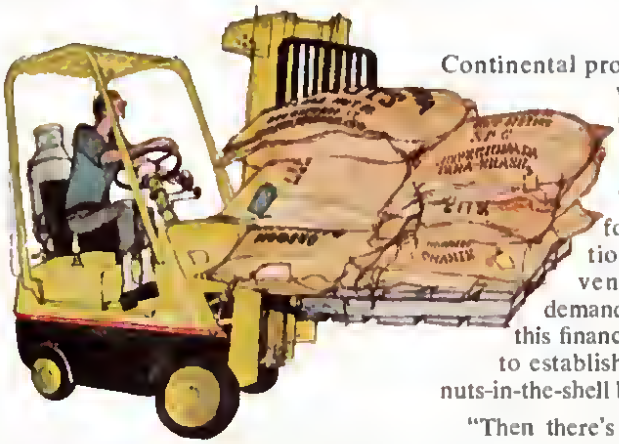
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because they have already changed so much on the first leg of the Vasaloppet. Already they seem obsessed with the hope of mere survival.

Slogging out of the forest, they pass under a banner which says, VALKOMMEN TILL MANGSBODARNA. The cheery old ladies and the placid old men behind the wooden tables hold out cups of blueberry soup in both hands and the grateful racers ski to the Good Samaritans and take the steaming stuff. They gulp at it, panting, making desperate wet noises. The soup spills—great splotches of blue—on their racing bibs and their jackets and their beards and across their boots and skis. Soon the snow turns a pale blueberry blue beneath the serving tables. For hours the racers will be coming through the Mangsbodarna *kontroll* and the fires beneath the caldrons of blue soup will burn until dusk.

So it will go on through the day, throngs of gasping skiers rushing through the woods as if it were a busy city street. Through the village of Risberg and across Lake Mellansjon and past *kontroll* Evertsberg and along the shore of Lake Oxbergssjon and through the strange gray ghost village of Gopshus, abandoned three decades ago by a forgotten sect of Swedes who one day simply packed up and disappeared forever because they said God had called them to live in Israel.

The day dwindles on, always gray, sometimes sprinkled with wet snow flurries. Spectators park their cars along the road, then ski into the forest themselves to crouch by the trail, waiting perhaps with a thermos of fresh bouillon or a sack of oranges for a friend or a father to come churning by.

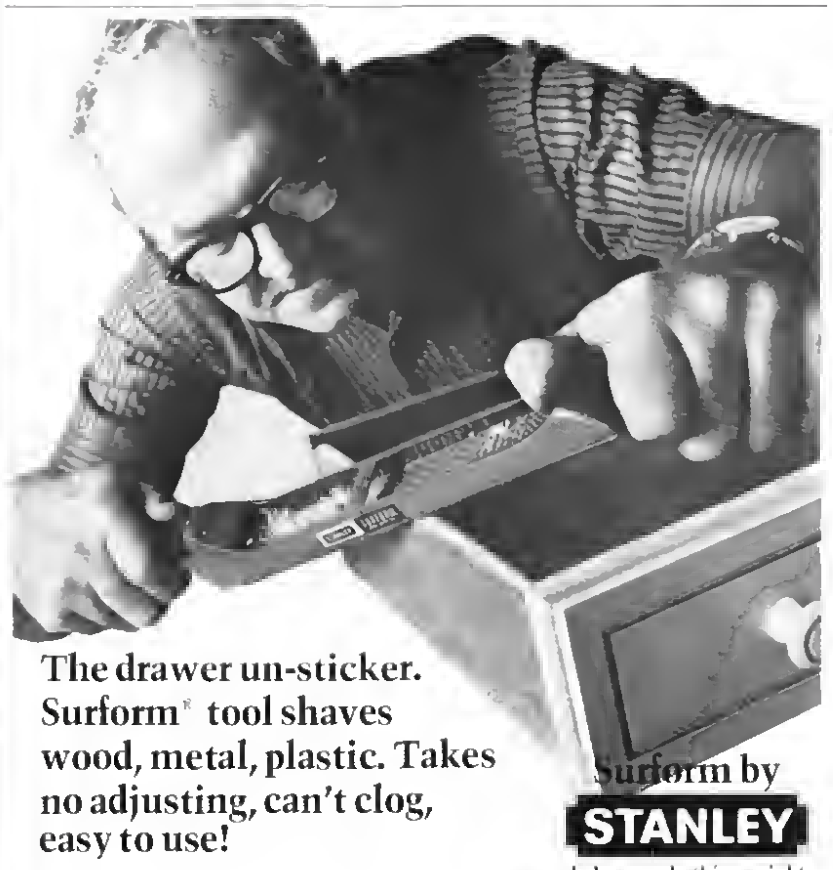
They yell, "*Heja*! *Heja*! Papa, Papa, *Heja*!" to urge him on his painful route. When he has passed, the spectators ski out of the woods, return to the car and drive ahead to another place in the snow along the track where they cry out again, "*Heja*, Papa, *Heja*!"

It is after 2 p.m. now, and there is excitement at the finish line. The leader is but one kilometer away, and he will be the winner. The leader is Lars-Arne Bolling, a boy from hometown Mora and a member of the Swedish Olympic team. And, yes, he drives across the line five hours, 35 minutes, 19 seconds after the start. It is a slow time because of the con-

continued



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ditions of the trail. In second place comes Vjaceslav Vedenin, the hard-driving, tireless Russian who won a gold medal at Sapporo. He is almost five minutes slower than Bolling.

From now until almost 10 o'clock at night there will be a steady, ghastly stream of men skiing down the finishing corridor and beneath the banner which says, IN THE TRAIL OF OUR FOREFATHERS FOR FUTURE VICTORIES. More and more they will look like survivors instead of victors. Some will have bleeding feet and others will collapse. Many will be unable to bend over to undo their bindings and some will weep. Their faces and their beards and their chests will be stained blue from soup and there will be clusters of icicles rattling in their hair. Their eyes will seem blank or stricken or blind or haunted. Yet as each man takes the last stride to cross the line, he looks into the crowd gathered beneath the banners and he seeks an eye in the crowd. Even a stranger's eye. And when he meets another's gaze, his stiffened, exhausted face breaks into an enormous smile. The smile of a victor, not a survivor.

Some do not need to look for a stranger's welcome. Here a man staggers to the finish area. His face is the color of chalk and his eyes droop shut, his shoulders slump and his head lolls backward—until a shrill voice cries, "Papa! Papa!" Then he opens his eyes and straightens up and grins, and a small boy stands and stares up in adoration at a man who has just finished the Vasaloppet. Then he kneels to undo his father's bindings.

On this first Sunday in March a total of 7,990 men started the race after dropouts and illness cut the field. Amazingly, 7,421 finished, the last man after 13 hours and 28 minutes on the trail. A man died of a heart attack a few kilometers from the start. He fell in the crowd and a doctor stopped to help, but it was too late. He was the first—ever—since the Vasaloppet began, a miraculous record which could not continue.

As night falls, the men who have finished the Vasaloppet do not tarry. They pick up their skis and hurry to their cars to begin the dark drive home. Tomorrow, as usual, they must report for work at the Volvo factory. Or, perhaps, not *quite* as usual. **END**



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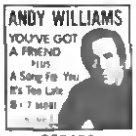
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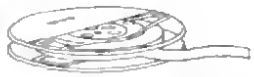
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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week March 21-27

BASKETBALL—College UCLA beat Florida State 81–76 to win its sixth NCAA title in a row (*page 30*), while MARYLAND walloped Niagara 100–69 to take the National Invitation Tournament at Madison Square Garden (*page 84*).

NBA Los Angeles, which romped to the Pacific title by 18 games, closed out the regular season in a blaze of records. With eight players scoring in double figures, the Lakers started the week by crushing Golden State 162–99 for the biggest margin (63 points) in NBA history. They ended it with a 124–98 victory over Seattle, giving the team a season record 69th win, a record 36th home-game victory and an NBA mark for most games over 100 points (81). In between, L.A. beat Chicago 109–104 for its eighth straight win but lost Keith Erickson for the year when he tore a ligament in his right knee, lost a shooter to Cleveland as ex-Laker Rick Roberson scored 29 points and edged Phoenix 112–110 on Jerry West's *15-foot jumper with only two seconds remaining*. Atlantic champion Boston won three of four to finish eight games ahead of New York, which split four. In a 98–83 victory over Cleveland the Knicks set an NBA season attendance mark of 783,298 for 41 home games. Milwaukee, the Midwest champion by six games over Chicago, won its last four, including a satisfying 43-point victory over New York. In that one Kareem Abdul-Jabbar was held to 20 points, but Oscar Robertson returned after a six-game absence to score 21 points in two quarters. Atlanta finished in a rush, winning its last six games as Pete Maravich averaged 23.8 points, to end up two games behind Central champion Baltimore, which dropped four of six. The two recent ABA jumpers—Charlie Scott and Jim McDaniels—*met for the first time in the NBA, with* Scott scoring 21 points for Phoenix and McDaniels *20 for Seattle as the Suns won 118–99*.

Jabbar led the league in scoring with 2,822 points and a 34.8 average, followed by Cincinnati's Nate Archibald (28.2), Boston's John Havlicek (27.5), Seattle's Spencer Haywood (26.2) and Los Angeles' Gail Goodrich (25.9). Wilt Chamberlain of L.A. finished first in rebounds (1,572 for a 19.2 average) and field-goal percentage (.649), while L.A.'s Jerry West had the best assist average (9.7).

Final Standings:
Atlantic—Bos 56-26, NY 48-34, Phil 30-52, Buff 22-60
Central—Balt 38-44, Atl 36-46, Cin 30-52, Clev 23-58
Midwest—Mil 63-19, Chi 57-25, Phoe 49-33, Oak 26-56
Pacific—LA 69-13, GS 51-31, Seat 47-35, Hous 34-48, Port 18-64

ABA With the season dwindling down to a handful of games, East champion Kentucky and West champion Utah continued to push ahead as if the playoffs had already started. The Colonels won four of five to raise their East margin to 21 games, while the Stars romped to four straight wins, lifting their West lead to 13½ games. New York crept within half a game of Virginia in the East battle for second place when the Nets edged the Squires 105–104, but by week's end Virginia held a 1½-game lead as New York lost to Utah 125–113 and the Squires defeated the Floridians 124–118 on rookie Julius Erving's 34 points to break a four-game losing streak. It was only the second win for the *Squires in the eight games since Charlie Scott* departed for the NBA. Earlier New York ran its winning string to seven with a 121–117 victory over Indiana before losing to Carolina 117–113.

BOWLING—Lefthander DON HELLING of St. Louis defeated Don Glover of South Bend 238–206 to take the $70,000 PBA Andy Granatelli's STP Classic in Metairie, La.

FENCING—DETROIT became the first non-Eastern college in 14 years to win the NCAA championships, edging defending co-champion NYU 73–70. Individual winners were ERNEST FERNANDEZ of Penn in the épée, defending champion TYRONNE SIMMONS of Detroit in the foil and Columbia's BRUCE SORIANO, who won a record third straight title in the saber.

GOLF—GARY PLAYER *shot a final-round 69 for* a 279 total to win the $125,000 Greater New Orleans Open by one stroke over Jack Nicklaus and Dave Eichelberger.

HOCKEY—With one week left in the regular season, third-place St. Louis held a slim lead for a playoff spot in the West behind Chicago and Minnesota, but California, Philadelphia and Pittsburgh were all in a blanket race for fourth place (*page 28*). In the East, Boston just about clinched the title by smashing Minnesota 7–3 as Phil Esposito scored his 60th, 61st and 62nd goals (the first was his 26th season power-play goal, an NHL record) and whacking New York 4–1 with three goals in the last period to open up a seven-point lead. It was the Bruins' fifth win in a row over the Rangers and boosted their goal margin in the five games to 24-4. West champion Chicago then *tied Boston 5–5 on Bobby Hull's 600th career* goal as Bruin Goalie Gerry Cheevers ran his string of undefeated games to 32 (24 wins, eight ties), which is believed to be a record. New York lost two more All-Stars when Rod Gilbert went to the hospital with a strained neck and Brad Park joined him a day later with a strained right knee. Still, the Rangers picked up three points with a 5–3 victory over Toronto as Ed Giacomin became the first goalie in NHL history to make two assists in a game, and a 3–3 tie with Montreal to move five points ahead of the third-place Canadiens. Montreal's 12-game unbeaten streak ended when rookie Marcel Dionne scored his third goal of the game with 1:15 left to lift Detroit to a 7–6 win early in the week, then the Canadiens blew a 3–0 second-period lead over Toronto when Jim Harrison's goal with 1:44 remaining tied the game 3–3. Detroit won three of four to climb within three points of fourth-place Toronto, which lost two, tied one and won one.

HORSE RACING—Kentucky Derby favorite RIVA RIDGE ($3.20) won his first 1972 start, the $33,850 Hibiscus Stakes at Hialeah, by 2¼ lengths over New Prospect (*page 78*).

LACROSSE—Defending NCAA champion CORNELL opened the season with a come-from-behind 5–3 victory over Hofstra while Doug Schreiber, with three goals and one assist, and John Kaestner, with two goals and three assists, paced MARYLAND to a 12–10 win over Navy.

MOTOR SPORTS—MARIO ANDRETTI and Belgian JACKY ICKX, driving a Ferrari 312P, won the Twelve Hours of Sebring (Fla.) race with an average speed of 111.508 mph (*page 26*).

SWIMMING—INDIANA, led by Mark Spitz, who set two American records, won its fifth straight NCAA championship at West Point (*page 22*).

TENNIS—SOUTH AFRICA clinched the Federation Cup, the women's equivalent of the Davis Cup, 2–1 over Great Britain when Pat Pretorius and Brenda Kirk defeated Joyce Williams and Virginia Wade 6-1, 7–5 in the doubles in Johannesburg.

MILEPOSTS—APPROVED: By vote of the American League, the sale of the CLEVELAND INDIANS for approximately $9.7 million by Vernon Stouffer, the owner the past six years, to a hometown group headed by Nick J. Mileti, owner of the NBA Cleveland Cavaliers and the AHL Cleveland Barons.

AWAROEO: The 1973 Super Bowl game to LOS ANGELES, to be played at the Coliseum on Jan. 14, and the 1974 game to Houston, to be played at Rice Stadium Jan. 13.

RESIGNED: JACK RAMSAY, 47, as head coach of the Philadelphia 76ers, after four seasons and a 174-154 record.

TRADED: To the New York Yankees, SPARKY LYLE, 27, a left-handed short reliever with six wins and 16 saves last season, by the Boston Red Sox for infielder DANNY CATER, 32, who has an eight-season .279 batting average.

CREDITS

26, 27—Tony Triolo. 28, 29—John D. Henlon. 30—Sheedy & Long. 38, 40—illustrations by Robert Handville. 67—James Drake. 75—John D. Henlon. 78—Stable of Photographic Arts. 107—Southern California Speed Skating Assn., Raleigh News and Observer.

FACES IN THE CROWD



CHRIS ANAYA, a senior at San Lorenzo (*Calif.*) High, won the Northern California 168-pound wrestling championship, running his season record to 52 straight wins, including 35 pins and 11 tournament titles. His three-year mark was 105-16 and 19 titles.



KIM MctSAAC, a ninth-grader at Fleming Junior High in Lomita, Calif., holds national titles in both figure and speed skating, winning the Novice Ladies' Figure Skating championships in January and the Indoor Speed Skating junior girls' title in March.



LARRY LINDSEY, 32, *head basketball coach* at Wake Forest-Rolesville (N.C.) High, won his fourth state high school athletic association championship in five years, beating previously undefeated Bessemer City 54–53 in the finals of the Class 2-A tournament.



ALLAN MacCORMACK, a St. Lawrence University sophomore from Sydney, Nova Scotia, was high scorer on both the varsity hockey and soccer teams. Playing center in hockey, he totaled 41 points on 16 goals and 25 assists, while as inside forward he scored 14 points.



VINCE CARTIER, a senior at Scotch Plains-Fanwood (N.J.) High, set a national indoor scholastic record for the mile with a 4:06.6 clocking in the state championships on Princeton's eight-lap Tartan track, breaking Jim Ryun's 1965 mark by .6 second.



RICHARD WORTHAM, an Odessa (Texas) High senior, in his second start of the season pitched a perfect game (seven innings), striking out 19 of 21. Also a quarterback and co-captain of the football team, his record now stands at 6-0, including three no-hitters.

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

MATCH POINT

Sirs:

Walter Bingham's article *Shoot-out at the T Bar M* (March 20) is really an injustice to Nancy Richey Gunter, who has been playing brilliantly of late. Admittedly, the participation of both Evonne Goolagong and Chris Evert greatly enhanced the tournament in terms of crowd appeal and made excellent copy for the press. Furthermore, no one will dispute the statement that the draw was bad. But those who witnessed Mrs. Gunter's come-from-behind victory over Miss Evert here in Bethesda in February would take issue with Mr. Bingham's proposed seedings. And I am sure Billie Jean King would be the last to suggest that Mrs. Gunter won the Maureen Connolly Brinker tournament by default.

Perhaps the crowd would have preferred to see Evonne against Chris, but the better match was in fact Nancy against Billie Jean.

JANET F. AND WILLIAM CATALONA

Bethesda, Md.

Sirs:

O.K., Chris Evert, I think you are sexy (They Said It, SCORECARD, March 6). Now, please help me with my game.

LARRY KIMBALL

Syracuse, N.Y.

DRY RUN

Sirs:

I would like to extend my sincerest congratulations to Debbie Heald for her spectacular victory in the mile run during the U.S. vs. U.S.S.R. track meet (*They're Sweet 16 and Deserve a Kiss*, March 27). I was, however, a bit unhappy with the remarks about Richmond. If Debbie can find her way back to Richmond, I will personally locate a bottle of Coke for her and do it after 10 p.m.

BILL MCDONALD

Richmond

BOWLED OVER

Sirs:

Congratulations for the article on Paula Sperber (*She Never Played with Dolls*, March 20). Pat Putnam mentions in this story that Paula would like to become a teacher. I am sure students in the high school I attend would go half crazy if Paula taught a class. But I think I would take the chance, just to have her as a teacher.

CARL LIGGIT

Lisbon, Ohio

Sirs:

"You couldn't get me within a mile of drugs. I don't need drugs to turn on. Love turns me on. People turn me on. Sports turn me on. Just being alive turns me on."

A great message from Paula Sperber!

FLOYD HOFFMAN

Bethany, Okla.

Sirs:

Tell Coach Mike Praznovsky that Paula Sperber could never make people forget Marion Ladewig.

PAT NADERER

Scottsdale, Ariz.

SOUR NOTES

Sirs:

In your article *Where the Chase Is a Song of Hound and Horn* (March 20) Jim Harrison refers to the history of the stag hunt as "a glorious history, a history with 'class' rather than the casual .30-30 bushwhacking of deer moving along their feeding runways back home."

Bushwhacking? Is it more humane to chase down a deer with dogs and horses than to sit in a blind and end it all with one shot? Why is running deer with hounds outlawed in most, if not all, states in the U.S.? Because it is humane? I don't think so. Some so-called hunters blast away at anything and everything, but does this mean that all woodsmen are thoughtless jerks?

Furthermore, letting 20 dogs weighing between 60 and 100 pounds apiece attack a carcass isn't my idea of sport. A few more articles like Mr. Harrison's and you can hang up my faith in SI.

STEVE DANISOVSZKY

Toledo

Sirs:

The best word I can think of for your article is trash! It amazes me that you always talk about ecology and the killing of America and then come back with the most pointless "sport" of all flashing across your pages as the "noble and ancient pursuit of the stag."

This sport has no purpose but to entertain rich people who have nothing better to do than kill animals. SI should be nominated for Hypocrite of the Year.

DAVE JONES

Worthington, Ohio

FISCHER'S CHALLENGE

Sirs:

My hat is off to Robert Byrne for defining what really will be at stake this summer in the world chess championship (*The Big Burden Boris Bears*, March 13). Chess is a growing sport, but it is neglected in the U.S. more than in other countries. Now that our Bobby Fischer has proved himself a challenger for the world title against Boris Spassky, it is essential for us to back Bobby all the way. Fischer's winning streak of 20 in a row will be noted in the record books for decades to come.

Chess is not a game of luck. Chess masters like Fischer and Spassky are unique perfectionists of the game. Each employs distinctive offenses and defenses which command respect from opponents. For Fischer, a victory would bring prestige to himself and to the U.S., since the U.S. has never produced an official world titlist. For Spassky, there is the reminder of Russia's winning streak since 1937. The Soviet Union's honor is on the line.

BRETT BENCE

Auburn, Neb.

Sirs:

To add to the interest regarding the bidding for the Fischer-Spassky chess match (SCORECARD, Feb. 28), one might realize that the original bid of $125,000 from Iceland, a country with a population of less than 250,000, was the equivalent of at least 50¢ per person. A 50¢-per-person kitty from the U.S. would produce a purse of $100 million. Quite a haul.

MARK GUMIERE

Santa Rosa, Calif.

REFRESHER COURSE

Sirs:

I read your article *Trivia* (Feb. 28) with much interest. For several years I have been trying to remember something I guess could be considered trivia. In the late '40s the Temple University Owls had a basketball player who was known even more for his name than for his playing ability. Because of the unusual spelling of his last name, he was called "The Owl without a Vowel." Would you please tell me his name?

JACK HESS

State College, Pa.

• Bill Mlkvy. But his performances were hardly trivial. He led the nation in scoring in 1951 with a 29.2 average.—ED.

LOOK WEST, ABC

Sirs:

John Carol's TV TALK column (March 13) concerning the NBA's relative TV decline has provided a factual basis for what many NBA fans outside of New York have felt for some time. Many of us here in the Midwest have long called ABC's Sunday offerings "the NBA East Coast Game of the Week."

Through the last half of the '60s it was Boston vs. whomever, but usually Philly, New York or Baltimore. The last three seasons it has been the Knicks'. Even the color added by Bill Russell cannot help. He has told

continued







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us everything about the Knicks except the names of their mothers-in-law

Two of the few games away from the East Coast had to be the Knicks vs Houston and Seattle (with the ridiculous starting time of 11 a.m. in Seattle).

Since the arrival of Kareem Abdul-Jabbar our local heroes have gotten some big-game coverage, but teams like Chicago and San Francisco are only seen when they play New York.

I am sure that if the survey had been conducted excluding the New York area the figures would have been far more unpleasant. Perhaps it is time Czar Kennedy and ABC realized that there are 17 teams in the NBA.

J. L. BORDEAU

Kohler, Wis.

Sirs:

As an avid basketball fan, I used to look forward to watching the weekly NBA game on ABC. Not anymore. If ABC and the NBA are getting worried about a decline in viewers, it is no wonder. I, for one, am sick and tired of watching the New York Knicks. It is just like a summer rerun show.

Why not show other games? It is time that the NBA, ABC and the sponsors realized there are other parts of the country besides New York.

MIKE BUTTS

Aberdeen, Wash.

Sirs:

I was interested in John Carol's piece on the relative unpopularity of pro basketball on television. If pro basketball is unpopular, perhaps it is because in essence it is a game played by remarkably agile giants in a confined space. Its impact depends on the viewer having an accurate sense of its proportions. Wilt Chamberlain is impressive because he is enormous (as well as good), not because, on television, he is a 4½-inch midget surrounded by 4-inch ones. The game, unlike football, does not miniaturize easily. Football, more than basketball, tends to become a diagram acted out. To keep the viewer comfortable, football's violence needs to be diminished and distanced. That of basketball needs to be emphasized.

ARTHUR LINDLEY

Morrisonville, N.Y.

PRINT-OUT

Sirs:

Earnshaw Cook's fascinating findings on baseball percentages (*It Ain't Necessarily So, and Never Was*, March 6) unfortunately have the same flaw that plagues baseball traditionalists—overgeneralization.

To flatly theorize that pitchers should go, at most, five innings because "it removes a pitcher *before* he is likely to get into trouble, not afterward," is ridiculous. One obvious example is my favorite team, the Chi-

continued



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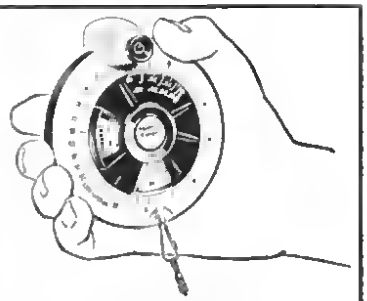
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cago Cubs. With a team that does not have any effective relief pitchers and includes among its starters the fabulous Fergie Jenkins, who gets stronger the longer he pitches, the five-inning theory fails to apply.

Although some of Mr. Cook's findings are interesting, he himself is guilty of the sin he accuses baseball of, using broad formulas which "ain't necessarily so."

JACK KEITH

Oelaware, Ohio

SIRS:

It was nice reading about Earnshaw Cook, a fellow fanatic who thinks the sacrifice bunt is a waste of time. I am sure glad to find out I am not the only one who is fascinated by statistics.

I think the possibilities of a baseball team using a computer for a season are quite encouraging. The San Diego Padres might be able to use one. Can he play third base? Or how about the Baltimore Orioles? They'll need one to add up their payroll.

JAY STEIN

Old Bridge, N.J.

OUTSIDER

SIRS:

I enjoyed the article *Come Back, Real Soon* (Feb. 28) about A. J. Foyt's victory at Daytona, except for the last sentence, in which Robert F. Jones called A. J. a hot dog. Are the boys in NASCAR starting to cry about an outsider, Foyt, winning? I don't recall the Indy drivers crying when Jim Clark and Graham Hill, not to mention other Formula 1 drivers, made the field and won at Indianapolis in 1965 and 1966.

After watching A. J. breeze to victory at Ontario March 5, I am sure the NASCAR group was happy A. J. did not compete the next weekend in North Carolina. It might have been three in a row for A. J. the Great.

ROBERT H. TURNER

Napoleon, Ohio

BOBBY'S LAMENT (CONT.)

SIRS:

Bobby Hull's frustration over the incessant harassment he has had to endure in recent years is understandable (*His Majesty Gets Mugged Again*, March 6). The most unfortunate aspect of Bobby's predicament is that hockey fans in the expansion cities have been deprived of seeing hockey of the caliber formerly played in the league and the freewheeling, electrifying style of a great player. The excitement generated among Montreal fans by Rocket Richard, the superb talents of Bobby Orr and the sheer greatness of Gordie Howe notwithstanding, Bobby Hull, when given enough room to move, is the most magnetic and exciting player ever to perform in the NHL.

G. R. MACKENZIE

Calgary, Alberta

continued

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MORE ON BO

Sirs:

Pat Jordan's article on Bo Belinsky (*Once He Was an Angel*, March 6) is probably the best article I have read. Unlike Jim Bouton, Belinsky gives us an in-depth look at the ills of pro sports without mentioning names or hurting other people's pride. Although Belinsky did not show much interest in the game after his rookie year, he still was a crowd-pleaser in one sense. He may not have been heard of for his athletic feats, but his sharp, piercing remarks about how he felt about the game were welcomed by the fans. Belinsky is to baseball what Earl Monroe is to the average Baltimore Bullet basketball fan: an egotistical, ungratefull ballplayer who tells it like nobody ever hears it. Reading about what makes Bo tick was rewarding.

STEVE XANTHARIDIS

Baltimore

PROOUCT OF MICHIGAN

Sirs:

Your article featuring Iowa State's Chris Taylor (*Very Big Man on Campus*, March 6) was of deep interest to the residents of Muskegon, Mich. All the good things said about him are well deserved. But nowhere do I find reference to Muskegon County Community College, where Chris spent two years studying and wrestling. Chris came to us from Dowagiac, Mich. as a strong prospect but needing to learn the fine points of the sport. Under the coaching of Sidney Huitema he progressed rapidly and led his Community College team to second- and first-place finishes in the 1969 and '70 state championships and first place in the 1970 junior college national championships. No wonder we are proud of Chris!

Congratulations, Coach Harold Nichols, but move over and share the glory with Muskegon and Coach Huitema!

VICTOR J. YURICK

Muskegon, Mich.

Sirs:

I enjoyed your article on Chris Taylor. It is a real pleasure to see a national magazine honor a great gentleman and athlete. All the people in Dowagiac, Mich. are proud of our ambassador.

A couple of honors your writer did not include: Chris was state high school champion and national junior college champion.

We are all looking forward to seeing Chris in Munich this fall.

RICHARD V. BOLES
Athletic Director
Union High School

Dowagiac, Mich.

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